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THE POEM OF THE ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"O rose, sweet rose! who knows, who knows
If my lover be false or true—"
A maiden cried, "If love abide
Who knows, fair rose, but you?
At my lattice he breathes in tender lay
Words that are dearer than I can say,
Old words, yet forever new."

A fragrant sigh, to the maiden nigh,
I wreathed from my petals wide,
"O loving heart! I may not impart
If good or ill betide.
True or false I can never tell,
The years that pass with paean or knell,
They leave you or not his bride.

"The very tree that harbored me,
Has parted oft with a flower,
Given or sent, a token lent
To further a loving hour,—
The hour oftimes has past along,
And love has proved but an idle song
To trill in a lady's bower.

"And yet I know of a rose that slow
Imparts its perfume sweet,
Guarded with care, by a lady fair,
As the type of a faith complete—
And the years that passed since first she pressed
That fragrant rose to her troubled breast,
Were happy as they were fleet.

"At lattice or gate, then haste, or wait,
While the hour with love is rife,
And dream your dream, by the stars that gleam,
For it is but once in life;
And the tender sweets that fall from his lip,
Like nectar distilled, like a goddess sip,
Though you may be or not his wife."

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SEALS THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYAR," "THE TOBY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WRECK.

The surf-boat, propelled by the daring oarsmen, after the difficulties and dangers of launching had been overcome, made good progress seaward.

"Hurrah!" shouted the brave Redmond as he assured himself of the advance they were making. "We'll reach the vessel yet. We ride like a buoy!"

A ringing cheer from his companions gave expression to their exhilaration.

The waves dashed with fearful violence around them, but the surf-boat was not to be worsted in the commotion. There was a certain charm in the graceful and life-like buoyancy with which it rode the billows. Confidence—a sense of security even—filled the breast of those whom it bore. A high, heroic spirit inspired them as they bounded over the tempestuous sea on their mission of mercy. It was not love of adventure nor hope of gain and distinction that impelled them, but a noble desire to benefit their suffering fellow-men.

"Were you ever on a rougher sea?" shouted the young captain to Redmond who was his companion at the oar.

"Never," responded the wrecker. "You've seen the worst I ever saw, cap'n, but we'll weather it, I don't doubt."

"'Tis glorious!" cried Walter, all the enthusiasm of his strong young soul rising in him. "O, if we can only reach and save the vessel!"

"We will, cap'n, I'm thinkin'." They say at the Point that 'tis the Berham that's afirin' and I'll bet my life she's on Frazer bar. I feel it. Pull away, my men. We'll reach her soon."

The weather was becoming very thick, but guided by their compass—an instrument that no sailor forgets to take with him on such a venture—and the low and distant booming of the gun, the brave little crew pulled steadily on, rowing in the direction of the sound, and listening as they rowed. It was exceedingly difficult, however, in consequence of the heavy "send" of the surges to maintain their onward progress uninterruptedly.

"Are we gaining or losing?" called Hays as a tremendous "roll" of the water carried them apparently a considerable distance backward.

"Gaining!" cried Walter Arneton, encouragingly. "There is the first flash of the gun!"

Sure enough, beaming out for an instant just before the report, a faint flash was seen through the mist and flying spray.

The crew now bent to the oars with redoubled energy, feeling certain that in a short time the distressed vessel would be reached.

For another half-hour they pulled steadily at the oars.

"We begin to rise her!" cried the young captain then. His keen vision was the first to distinguish the hull of the vessel, rising, a dark misshapen mass in the surrounding gloom.

"A ship! and the Berham!" exclaimed Redmond, as they came nearer the huge and helpless hulk. The darkness was now diminishing, and objects were dimly recognizable.

"See how she lies! 'tis as I thought; she is on a shoal, with her anchor out."

Such was the position of the vessel. She had struck on a bar, and been beaten down upon her side by the sea. The surges were sweeping over her with tremendous force, threatening to break her to pieces. Her crew were clinging to her deck at every point that afforded a possibility of shelter, in evident despair of assistance, and awaiting with more or less fortitude their expected dreadful fate.

The crew of the surf-boat endeavored to announce their approach by a loud huzza, but the roaring of the waves was so fearful that it was doubtful if those on board the Berham heard the cry.

"They cannot hear us," said Walter, "but in the growing light they will shortly discover us."

The wan sea morning slowly came, and the five daring rescuers were observed by the despairing crew. A shout of joy was their welcome. Hope rose again in their bosoms. Yet how where they to be aided by those few? The ship's boats had been washed away, and the surf-boat could carry but a small proportion of those on board the Berham. Still, the coming of Redmond and his companions gave them hope. A joyous excitement succeeded their late despair.

The surf-boat was to the leeward of the ship—but so great was the commotion of the sea that it was not safe to approach near enough to communicate with those on board.

"We must manage in some way to make them understand us," said Redmond. "They must cut loose from the anchor, and then the waves will carry them over the bar; it is narrow, and there is deep water beyond. She will drive in toward the shore, and strike again. Then—but we must get her out of this danger first, and that soon, or the sea will soon break her to pieces."

"Can we not approach her from the w'adward side," suggested Walter Arneton. "A line dropped from the end of the main-yard would permit one of us to board her. 'Tis there only that other directions can be given."

"Excellent," returned the wrecker. "As the ship lies, a rope would hang clear of her side. We will try the windward approach, and hail them."

This was accordingly done, and, after some difficulty, the order to attach a line to the end of the main yard was comprehended. The rope was fastened and dropped, and was soon whirling and flying from the point of suspension.

"Who will board her when we put ourselves within reach of the line?" asked Redmond.

"I will," promptly responded Captain Arneton.

Each of the others volunteered to essay the perilous feat, but our hero claimed the honor of attempting it.

"Beware of the rope, as we put the boat within reach. It is lashed with a fury by the wind, and a blow from it would strike you down."

"I will be careful."

Watched with intensest interest by those on board and opposed with seemingly double obstinacy by the waves, the surf-boat approached the brandished line. The moment the lashing end was within reach, with sure and dexterous leap the young sailor sprang for it, and the next instant, as the boat swept away, he was left dangling in the air. Give a true seaman firm hold on a rope, and it is all he asks. Hand over hand the daring fellow climbed the line to the yard-arm, moved quickly thence to the mast, and by the shrouds descended to the deck.

Warm and rapturous was the greeting he received from the crew, who gathered around him as if they felt he was to be their deliverer.

Captain Grey grasped his hand, asking anxiously:

"What can be done for us? The ship cannot much longer stand this strain."

The situation of the vessel was rapidly explained, and a plan of action decided upon.

"Cut your cable," directed our hero.

Captain Grey repeated the order, and it was immediately obeyed.

Loosed from her anchor, the ship began to move forward over the bar. The scene was one of wildest excitement. Crew and passengers—of which latter there were quite a number on board—felt that it was the crisis of their fate. Would the vessel be safely carried over the shoal, or would she be further borne down by the waves and broken to pieces? The shock was terrific.

In that awful moment Captain Arneton glanced around on the faces before him.

Not far from the mainmast, in a position that offered considerable protection from the drenching spray, surrounded by a number of the excited passengers, stood a lovely female figure, unnoticed before by the young sailor. While others clung in terror to the wreck, she seemed to defy the peril, though her white arms firmly clasped the supports that kept her from being carried overboard.

A face wondrously fair, dark eyes aglow with heroic spirit, a flying mass of midnight hair—a bright and beautiful vision, rather than a reality, she appeared to our hero; a sprite of the sea and storm more than a human presence.

For an instant only did his glance rest upon her features, and then in the final shock and confusion that attended the passage of the bar the beautiful face was lost.

"The shoal is passed!" was the glad cry of many voices.

The Berham was now in smoother water, but driving shoreward with frightful velocity. Only the first danger was over. Ahead were reefs and breakers, but Captain Arneton still saw a chance for the vessel's preservation.

"Put your best man at the helm," he shouted to Captain Grey. "If we can haul off three points to the leeward we can escape the rocks; we may even find an inlet and make a lee."

The necessary orders were given, but the ship proved only partly obedient to her helm. The peril was most imminent.

"Luff, luff!" shouted the captain.

Our hero sprang to assist the man at the wheel. The ship slightly changed her course. To understand the vessel's new danger and her chance of escape, it is necessary to speak of the conformation of that part of the coast toward which she was driving. Almost dead ahead was a rocky ledge, against which the billows drove with dreadful rage. To strike there would be destruction to the ship and certain death to all. But further to the south was a range of low, sandy

SURF CASTLEMAN ACCOSTS AMY ARNETON ON THE BEACH.

islands, lying a little distance from the mainland, and divided from it by a channel of sheltered water. These islands or reefs were separated from each other by inlets or openings here and there, and if the Berham without striking could enter one of these she would be safe. Could she be directed from the white circle of breakers that fronted the solid ledge? This was the question the two captains and the crew asked themselves as they drove wildly on. The helmsmen struggled manfully. Hard-a'lee the strong tiller was turned, and in the direction of safety, but slowly, very slowly, the gallant vessel was headed.

"How is it now?" cried Walter. "Does she luff enough?"

"Barely," was the answer; "but the peril lessens."

On the starboard bow the white waves leaped and raged as if almost sure of their prey. On the larboard the calmer waters seemed to offer a haven to the imperiled ones.

There were no sails to furl, nor sheets and braces to attend, so the crew and the affrighted passengers, clinging to bulwarks and shrouds, stood and viewed the startling scene, while every moment brought them nearer to refuge or destruction.

On, on they swept; faster now, and every voice was hushed—every breath was stilled. The silence—if silence there could be said to be with that awful roar of waters around—was broken by a glad shout from Captain Grey:

"We will make the inlet! we are saved!"

The bows of the ship entered fair the narrow opening. A moment more, and in comparative calm and shelter, she rode the channel that lay between island and main.

Then arose the cheers and wild congratulations of those on board. Upon Walter Arneton they looked as their deliverer from death. They crowded around him, giving warm expressions to their gratitude. The young captain bade them remember his companions in the surf-boat. The little craft had followed in the wake of the Berham, and was now in sight.

It was a proud hour for our hero, yet modestly he bore the praises he had won. Glorious he looked in his young manhood, as he stood on that battered deck, when the peril was past. His blue eyes shone with the light of joy; his features, which continuous exposure to the elements had not darkened, glowed with a consciousness of duty done; his hair, in "sailor curls," fell in rich confusion from his cap; his manly, modest bearing—won all hearts; and altogether he formed a figure not less singular and attractive in its beauty than that he himself had noticed a short period before.

He sought again that beautiful face. Captain Grey, snatching a moment from his duties, led him forward and presented him to its fair owner.

"Miss Melford, Captain Walter Arneton, to whom, as you know, we are indebted for our lives. Captain Arneton, Miss Auria Melford, the bravest as well as the fairest of our passengers." And with these words he withdrew.

The young man bowed, and the lady, extending her hand, expressed with emotion her gratitude for the service he had rendered, and her admiration of his heroism.

"I am but one of your preservers," he answered modestly; "to at least one of my companions you are more indebted than to myself. Yet we have but performed a simple duty of humanity. We heard the minute gun, and as men could not rest without attempting your relief. I rejoice exceedingly that I have been permitted to assist in saving the lives of so many persons, and among them one so fair."

And again he bowed.

"Reserve all compliments for yourself and comrades," said Miss Melford. "Captain Grey has attempted to impress you with the idea that I have been brave, but I am sure I proved a terrible coward. It was dreadful—the storm—the long night—the driving on the reef."

"You might well be pardoned for giving way to terror, and yet as we passed the bar I am confident that the expression on your face was not one wholly of fear."

"Oh, no," she returned almost with gayety, "*that* must have been despair."

Then with a shudder as the recollection of that fearful hour came back, she continued:

"God be praised that we were not all lost!"

"God be praised indeed!" ejaculated Walter fervently. "At what point did you take passage in the ship? Not from England, I presume."

"No, from Boston. The vessel is owned by a friend of my father, and so I chanced to be aboard of her on my way to New York."

At this moment the attention of the group was drawn to the approaching surf-boat.

Miss Melford turned to look, and the young man improved the opportunity to view more closely the features of his lovely companion. A more beautiful being he confessed he had never before met, and yet she seemed wholly human and approachable in her person. His first brief glimpse of her face in the moment of passing the reef had conveyed to him the idea of a sea-princess—one of Neptune's wild and witching daughters—and he was delighted to find her so real and charming a presence. The unavoidable partial *deshabille* in which she was gave her an original grace, it was true, but that was both to be pardoned and admired. Her hair, wet with the foam and spray of the sea, hung in disordered masses down her shoulders, and her features still glowed with the excitement of the recent peril. She was not over eighteen years of age; yet while the grace of girlhood was still hers, the maturer attractions of womanhood were with it united.

Tall, of faultless form, radiantly fair, and with manners in which pride, sweetness and gentleness were equally combined, she would have been remarked in any place as a lady of rare personal charms. Amid her present surroundings they certainly lost none of their force.

As the surf-boat came within hailing distance, excusing himself, Captain Arneton withdrew and assisted in making preparations to land. The Berham was only a few fathoms from the shore, communication with which could soon be established. Redmond and his companions brought the boat alongside the ship. A wild, rapturous cheer had been their greeting, to which the gallant fellows as heartily responded. They were quickly on the deck, where they were received as Walter Arneton had been.

"You brought the vessel safely to shore," said the wrecker to the young man admiringly. "I knew you were as familiar with the coast as I, or I should never have let you climb that rope. My soul! but it was a fearful drive."

"Aye! but the peril now is past; ship and cargo both saved, thanks to you in the first place, Redmond."

"I could have done nothing alone."

"And we would hardly have dared to venture without you."

All this time the work of making ready to land had been going on, and in the space of half an hour the passengers had left the deck. Conveyance was obtained to a not distant village, where every attention was paid to the wants of the worn and weary cast-a-ways.

Captain Arneton went to say farewell to Miss Melford and the others. He was to go that very day to take command of the Breeze, and as he must first return to his home, his time was necessarily limited.

"You will do me the honor to call upon me at my residence in the city," said Miss Melford as he parted from her. "I am the ward of Syndam Hale, to whose house I go. As the owner of the Berham, I am sure the material service you have done him will secure you a most cordial welcome, to say nothing of higher considerations. Captain Grey will not fail to give a full report of the matter, and I will tell no modest story of your work, I assure you."

"I shall be most happy to see you again, Miss Melford, though as I expect to sail in a short time, I may not avail myself of the pleasure so soon as I would like," answered our hero, rejoicing at the prospect of extending his acquaintance with the fair girl.

"In the meantime I trust that I shall not be forgotten."

The look she gave him was sufficient assurance that he would not be. Already the heart of the young sailor was warming with a feeling that was more than admiration and friendship. The romantic circumstances of their meeting were well calculated to develope a powerful mutual interest. In fact, Walter was already a lover, though he did not as yet suspect it; but he was conscious of a very strong desire to know and see more of the charming maiden. The cordiality of her invitation to visit her under her guardian's roof was reflected upon with great satisfaction. As for Auria Melford, it would have been strange if she had not been deeply impressed with the frankness, modesty, and manliness of the handsome young captain. And this, independent of the natural feeling of gratitude which she, in common with the others of the Berham's crew and passengers, entertained toward him.

Thus they parted—and in the heart of each arose a secret dream of a bliss that neither before had known.

CHAPTER IX.

SURF CASTLEMAN.

Walter Arneton returned to his home in company with the light-house keeper, whom he had joined at the village, whither the old man had gone to send word to the owners of the Breeze of the cause of the delay in the coming of her captain, entreating them to have a few hours' patience, and he would appear. So confident was John Manners of the safe return of his "boy," that as soon as the safety of the distressed vessel was assured, he started off as fast as his lameness would permit, to forward the intelligence above stated. And this he knew was just what Walter would have him do, as the young man prided himself upon his punctuality. There would be abundant time for rejoicing and congratulation afterward, the old man thought.

When the owners of the Breeze learned of the noble work in which Walter had been engaged, they not only applauded him but granted him another day's leave of absence. Nevertheless Captain Arneton determined to be on hand at the appointed hour, or day at least, though he felt that he could not sail until he had said good-bye to Amy and his beloved foster-parents.

Joyful was the meeting that took place on the beach, where the two anxious ones stood watching for the coming of the gallant youth. Not until they had clasped him in their arms did they learn the full story of the danger to which he had been exposed. How proud and glad was Amy Arneton then! Already she regarded her brother as a hero, but now she idolized him indeed. Gentle, lovely Amy Arneton!—so like the sweet lady whose grave was by the sea—let us present her more fully to the reader.

She was barely of medium height, of slender, symmetrical figure, with hair like ripp ing sunshine—brushed back from her small, pearly ears, and falling in sumptuous ringlets to her shoulders; a full and pensive brow, white as marble, but glistening with a look of life; eyes blue as April's bluest sky, and whose clear, intelligent pupils mirrored a soul of purity and truth; cheeks softly glowing with the color of health; small, ruby lips; a Grecian nose with delicate and exquisitively chiseled nostrils; and a complexion stainless as the "unrunned snow." Grace and gentleness she possessed in a marked degree, and yet her form and face when studied suggested a latent strength—a superior nature, though wholly compatible with woman's tenderness of organization. Her hands were small and perfectly shaped, and yet they were not unused to employment. She was not an idler, though her foster-mother in view of the fact that she was of "gentle blood," would never permit her to engage in the tasks which the dutiful girl would willingly have shared.

"No, no, child," the good woman would say when Amy attempted employment that might have marred her shapely hands, "that is not for you; you are a lady's daughter, and some day Walter will place you higher than this."

"But I will be useful, aunty, if I am a lady's child. A fair hand is not to be desired above many other things."

"But yours are so plainly meant to be kept pretty. I can't believe that they were ever intended to do real work."

Nevertheless they did quite an amount of it, and yet did not lose their exquisite mould and whiteness.

Walter Arneton, kissing the tears—"fond, foolish tears," he called them—from his sister's cheeks, bade her adieu. From John and Mary Manners he parted as a loving son from loving parents. And he was gone to assume the trust which was reposed in him by those who, recognizing his ability and worth, had thus early advanced him to an honorable and responsible position. A youthful captain he truly was, but loved and trusted by his crew, who knew him already as a faithful and manly second officer.

That evening, walking alone on the beach, Amy Arneton gazed upon the now quieted sea and offered fresh prayers for the dear brother who had left her.

A sudden footstep startled her. A human form had approached unseen, and a voice intended to be pleasant-toned addressed her.

"Good evening, Miss Arneton; a fine night after the rough morning."

She turned quickly toward the intruder upon her meditations. Recognizing him, and responding briefly to his salutation, she made a movement as if to withdraw.

"Nay, nay, do not leave me; give me the pleasure of your company in a stroll on the beach. The moonlight is enchanting."

The speaker was a tall and vigorously built man, apparently about twenty-five years of age. His hair was black and abundant, but lank; his eyes keen and dark; his nose curved like a hawk's; his lips full, but firm, and his chin bold and rather handsomely rounded. Broad shoulders, a shapely waist, and an air of audacity were likewise noticeable.

He wore a seaman's cap, a dark neckcloth, a wide, flat collar, and a loose blue coat, extending to his hips, and quite becoming his tall and not ungraceful figure. His pantaloons were of the same fabric and color as his coat. His personal appearance was certainly striking, if not prepossessing. He looked like one who could be at one time the ruffian and at another, in manners at least, the gentleman, for his audacious air could easily soften to one of pleasing vigor. He seemed not wholly coarse nor all refined—whether a man with more of evil than of good in him, more of virtue than of something else, could not on immediate acquaintance be determined.

It seemed as if Amy knew or suspected that his real character was not of the best, for an unmistakable look of aversion showed in her face as she said:

"Permit me to retire, Mr. Castleman; it is late, and—"

"And my company is not so agreeable to you as I could wish," he interrupted, with an indication of displeasure in his tone.

"I said not that, sir."

"No, but you implied it, as you have done on former occasions. Why is it, Miss Arneton, that I am so subjected to your personal dislike? Have you heard evil of me? Why do you so shrink from my society?"

Had the fair girl answered at all, she might have said that it was more an instinctive feeling of distrust than anything else that caused her to repel his advances. The purity of her nature recoiled from the possible evil of his.

Not waiting for her to speak—if indeed she had intended to—he went on:

"You are a sweet, fair girl, Amy Arneton, as it is no flattery to tell you; you possess an intelligence and refinement that must be attractive to all. I am not a boor, that you need turn from me when I attempt to address you. I seize this opportunity to speak plainly with you, for I feel that of your own desire you would never acknowledge me even as an acquaintance. My manner is brusque, but I trust that I do not offend you. I am not used to roundabout phrases—circumlocution I detest—and this hour I say to you that I intend to win you for my wife."

"You are certainly very frank in your announcements. But I ask that you will not longer detain me—I cannot listen to you."

"You have already been made acquainted with my intentions," he said, a strange smile lighting his features. "You may say 'no' to me for a long time, but you will come to love me at last. My wooing may be a little different from that of other lovers, as I myself may be. People never like me at first, Miss Arneton, but some do afterwards."

And it might have been, for there was certainly something attractive in the man before her—a power to fascinate it seemed, to which inferiors might at length yield. His positive assumption of his ability to turn the current of her feelings in his favor was entirely doubted by Amy, though the plainness of his speech was not altogether displeasing—he was so evidently honest in his belief. She even smiled at first as she replied:

"Your manner of wooing is original, Mr. Castleman. I am free to say that your abruptness hardly surprises me, for you have heretofore, with equal brusqueness, indicated your object in seeking my company. Yet I must say that your preference is not flattering to me, and as I have repeatedly shown a desire to be free from your attentions, you will not if you are what you claim to be—a gentleman—annoy me in the future by reference to this matter."

She was moving from the spot, trembling at her boldness in replying to him so decisively, but he was at her side.

"I will not give you up, Amy Arneton. I love you and you must be my wife."

"*Must* be!" she repeated, indignantly. "You can possess little honor and delicacy to address me thus on such a subject."

"But I have tried gentleness before, and you were as cold as now."

"And so you have abandoned fair means

for foul, simply because I could not encourage your bold suit. That does not speak well for your better nature, sir."

"Ah! that is why you distrust me—fear me, perhaps. I see that I am not at all in your confidence. You have heard evil things of me. Because my face is dark you think that my doings also are. It is true you do not know me—no one does, but I swear to you that with you for my wife—my loving wife—I will be a true man for your sake. Oh, Amy!" he continued with a sudden burst of passionate pleading, not unmingled with gentleness, "love me—and *save me!*"

There was a sort of wild pathos in his tones, and she looked at him with some surprise.

"Forgive me for my haste and harshness; I did not mean to threaten or alarm you. But I love you, and your resolute avoidance of me has set me wild. Believe not that I am wholly unworthy of you. I have gold—in other places I even have position. Be my wife, and we will be happy together—as happy as if I had been a gentle lover and you my willing sweetheart from the first."

Amy would have stopped him, but he hurried on with such passionate force that she was necessitated to hear him to the end. As he paused, which he did with breathless suddenness as if expecting or hoping some favor for his suit, she said:

"You only pain me, sir. Pardon me if I have thought you a man of little feeling. I would not be unkind to you—I would even be your friend—"

"My friend!" he ejaculated with a sort of fierce hopelessness. "And is that all? I must bid you good-evening then."

Confused, alarmed, almost terrified, though feeling greatly relieved by his departure, the young girl sped up the beach toward the house.

"A strange lover," she reflected, as she hastened along. "A strange man altogether. Is he a gentleman, adventurer, madman, or buccaneer? Not the first, surely, or he would adopt a different style of wooing. I distrust him, fear him, and at times almost admire him. Yet I am certain that my admiration could never change to a warmer feeling. Surf Castleman—he has a rover's name—you and I are not for each other."

And growing cooler as she arrived at this decision—which however had been here from the first, as we know—she reached the door of her home. Entering, after a few pleasant words with her foster-mother, by whom her excited appearance was at once observed, and who was wondering as to its cause, she communicated, not without some blushing hesitation, an account of her meeting with Surf Castleman, and his rude declaration of love. The light-house keeper was not present, and the good woman's first remark, after one or two exclamations of indignation, was:

"John must hear this, child. He knows more of that dark-faced diver—for that's what he is, and nothing more—than anybody about here. He's been watching him for some time. The fellow is in the employment of the men who are fishing for the treasure; he's been in the neighborhood only a little while. And for him to commence to make love to you from the first hour he saw you, winding up with telling you you've *got* to have him for your husband! Indeed!"

Mrs. Manners fairly glowed with indignant feeling, as well she might. Amy blushed and laughed and trembled by turns, for the rehearsal of the scene on the beach again excited her, especially as she recalled the sinister look that was on the features of Surf Castleman as he parted from her.

John Manners, when he returned that evening, was acquainted with the facts of his foster-child's forced interview with the mysterious Castleman.

"If he ever attempts to speak to you again, my child, I will see what a lame man can do in the way of thrashing a sound one," declared John, hotly.

"Oh, no, uncle, don't talk so. *That* would not answer. He is not a boy, nor a boor," said Amy, with blushing deprecation.

"If Walter—"

"Walter, I fear, would act rashly if he were to learn all that has occurred this evening. He would make Surf Castleman his enemy, and in a little while he may recover from his fiery admiration of your little girl. What can he want with me, I wonder; a great fierce-faced fellow like him! I should think he would despise me."

And Amy smiled again.

"The black eye loves the blue," muttered the light-house keeper. "The lank lock the golden curl." Then aloud he continued.

"You simple-hearted creature, you. Don't you know everybody loves you, Amy? And now tell me the truth, you don't care the least bit for *him*, do you?"

"Why, uncle, you know I am afraid of him! He has always stolen upon me like a shadow, and I feel chilled whenever he is near. I am sure he is a rover or a robber, or something terrible—he has such dark, mysterious looks. I don't want to see him again."

"If he *is* a villain he is a great one—not a petty rogue, I'll warrant. Keep out of his way, Amy, and I will manage to keep him from troublin' you in the future. He never comes to the house, does he?"

"Oh, no; it is only on the beach that he seeks me. I am fond of roaming there you know, especially when the moon is on the sea, but I must keep indoors after twilight now. It is too bad."

She made a pretty gesture of annoyance. She hardly knew yet whether to be amused or alarmed by the whole affair. The last meeting with her unwelcome suitor had revealed the existence of a depth of feeling and a strength of passion on his part which she had not before suspected, and she knew not what further rudeness he might attempt against her.

After a little further talk upon the subject it was dropped, and the three retired to slumber.

In Amy's dreams two faces showed that night—one of her beloved brother, and the other of Surf Castleman.

CHAPTER X.

A DISAPPOINTMENT AND A PLEASURE.

When Walter Arneton reached the city he found great excitement, and in commercial and shipping quarters uncertainty prevailing. News had just arrived of the declaration of war by the United States against England. The high-handed proceedings of the latter power upon the seas had at last become unbearable, and our government had resolved upon armed resistance to these aggressions. By many the intelligence was received with enthusiasm, by others with doubt and foreboding.

Walter sought the office of Mr. Hammond, the active partner of the firm in whose employ he was. He found the old gentleman with a number of his friends, busily engaged in discussing the situation. He greeted the young man most cordially, and introduced him to those present.

"You are a little late, captain, but you have a good excuse for your delay. You have performed a noble service—and I take delight in presenting you to these gentlemen as one of the brave fellows to whom the preservation of the Berham and her crew and passengers is due."

Mr. Hammond's words and manner expressed the heartiest admiration. His friends proffered their congratulations, and Walter, bowing, modestly received their praise.

In a short time the business visitors departed, and Captain Arneton and the merchant were alone.

"Affairs have taken an unfortunate turn since I last saw you," were Mr. Hammond's first words, after his friends had left. "This war will put an end to our shipping operations in a great measure. We may expect a blockading fleet from England in a short time. The question with us now is what to do with our vessels. I am sorry for you, captain, but I fear your first voyage as commander of the Breeze, must be indefinitely postponed. It would be unsafe to send her to the port for which she is freighted."

Our hero had feared this. As he hurried down to the office, hearing on every side the excited talk arising out of the bold action of the Government, he had wondered if his own movements would not be involved thereby.

He could not conceal his disappointment, for he had longed for the hour when he could tread the deck of a vessel as its master. And now just as his ambition was to be gratified, came the startling news of war. But patriotic thoughts soon overcame personal considerations, and he said, cheerily:

"You are undoubtedly right, Mr. Hammond. The enemy's cruisers will soon appear off our coast—at least before we could return. The risk would be great."

"And I see, my young friend, that this is a personal disappointment to you. I know how anxious you are to take command of the Breeze. Your first voyage, too, as captain. Gladly would I send the brig to sea under you; but the merchant service must now suffer. Inactivity and loss must be endured."

"Do not misunderstand me, Mr. Hammond. It is as you say. I *did* look forward with eagerness to the day when I could leave the harbor under the trust you have so generously reposed in me. I am young, sir, and you will pardon my enthusiasm."

"I rejoice in it. I like to see youthful spirit exhibited, especially when it is under the control of judgment such as you have heretofore shown."

The kindly old merchant did not forbear to speak a plain word of compliment now and then to those who deserved it. He had assisted to advance the young sailor, in whom he early saw the elements of true manhood and capability, and he took a pride in his elevation.

"The steps taken by the Government seem to me very bold," he continued after a pause, "but the result may prove their wisdom. We have borne with British insolence long enough."

"Aye!" exclaimed Walter. "Whatever individual embarrassments may arise, I am for my country, sir, and the maintenance of her rights and honor."

"That is the true spirit, captain."

"If I were only in the navy," said Walter, reflectively, "the prospect would not be one of idleness to me. I will find some sphere of activity, however."

"But promotion is slow, and to enter now you would have to take a subordinate place. You have already qualified yourself for command, and it is proper that you should have opportunity. Besides," pursued the merchant thoughtfully, "there may be a chance for useful service outside of the regular field. We have in port at the present time seven vessels, all of which must lie at our wharves inactive, unless the Government would accept of their private service."

"Ah! I comprehend."

"Privateering will undoubtedly be resorted to," continued Mr. Hammond. "Indeed it will be one of our most powerful means of offence. Our navy is weak and the enemy's is strong; we must make the best of our opportunities and resources. Private armed vessels will therefore be sent out, and if you will accept command of the Breeze or of any other of the seven, you shall have it, captain. What have you to say to my proposition?"

The young man's face kindled with a glow of new enthusiasm and satisfaction. His looks more than expressed his pleasure at the offer.

"I accept at once," he answered heartily. "You are generous, sir, and as the service is honorable, I rejoice at the prospect of entering upon it. I will take the Breeze, with your permission, as I am best acquainted with her. I think the whole crew will remain, sir."

"Very good, and as soon as letters of marque can be obtained and the necessary changes and preparations be made she shall go to sea. This is something quite different from our first calculations, but it may prove as satisfactory."

"I trust so, sir."

And so it was settled that this was to be the new order of things.

"This unexpected turn of events will give you a few days, perhaps weeks, of leisure," said Mr. Hammond, as Captain Arneton arose to depart. "Use the time as you please, my young friend, and meanwhile consider yourself as still in my service. You have been faithful, and I will retain you in my constant employ."

Walter expressed his thanks for this further kindness of the old man.

"There will be plenty to do, sir, the brig shall have even a more thorough overhauling than she has already received. Then there is her armament to provide."

"Attend to it all, captain. I entrust the entire matter to you."

"Thank you, sir."

Bidding the merchant good-day, our hero withdrew and sought at once the officers of his vessel to give orders in relation to their new duties. Then, after attending to a few minor matters, he sought quarters for the night and retired to rest. He was very weary, for the day had been one of unusual excitement and fatigue.

The next day he busied himself with matters relating to his vessel, and in the evening prepared himself to call on Auria Melford. Her beautiful face had been before him ever since their romantic meeting on the deck of the Berham, and he wondered if the fair girl had thought half so much of himself. The circumstances that prevented the sailing of the Breeze now appeared particularly fortunate, since they enabled him thus early to seek the society of her whom he already, though unconsciously, loved.

He directed his steps toward the mansion of Syndam Hale, wondering as he went along if his reception by the guardian of Auria would be as cordial as his beautiful ward had intimated it would be. Of Mr. Hale he knew little or nothing personally, but he had heard him spoken of by others as a haughty, overbearing and avaricious man, possessing great wealth, but using it somewhat as a miser. It was true that the young sailor had rendered the merchant an important material service, but he did not allow himself to think of that in connection with his present purpose.

He reached the mansion—a grand and rather gloomy structure, situated in what in those days was considered the remote upper part of the city. It was surrounded by extensive grounds, well-filled with trees and shrubbery, which gave it much more the character of a country-seat than a city residence. It was indeed more the former than the latter, though in it were combined the attractions of both.

Signaling his presence by a massive, old-fashioned knocker, the door, after a rather long interval of waiting, was opened by a servant, and he was conducted into the parlor. Giving his name, he inquired for Mr. Hale, but being informed that he was absent, he requested to see Miss Melford. The young lady was at home, and his name was sent up.

As he sat in the parlor, awaiting her appearance, a sudden revulsion of feeling came over the young captain. He began to wonder if his position there was not anomalous. Who was he that he should presume thus formally to seek the society of Auria Melford?—an heiress and a lady of the highest social position. True he had a strong claim on her favor—he had been directly instrumental in saving her life—but was it fair for him to take advantage of that to intrude himself upon her? She had indeed cordially invited him to come, but common courtesy and gratitude would have dictated that. He thought with bitterness of his unrecognized social standing—of the stain that others might attach to his birth. If Miss Melford knew all, how might she regard him? He felt that Captain Grey had spoken more than one word in his favor, but he knew the force of conventionality and social prejudice.

All this passed rapidly through his mind, then the current of his feeling changed. As a *man*—as a gentleman, for such he knew himself to be—he would meet Auria Melford. In the simple grace of manhood he would stand before her, and feel himself her equal.

A soft footstep—the rustle of a dress—caused him to look toward the entrance of the room. A bright face, wearing a smile of unmistakable welcome, appeared; a fair hand was extended in greeting; and a musical voice expressed the pleasure of its owner at again seeing him. Surely on the part of the fairest inmate of the mansion there was sufficient warmth of reception.

"Good-evening, Captain Arneton. I bid you welcome to Clermont."

With a sudden joy flooding his heart, and a happy light in his clear eyes, the young sailor replied to this generous greeting. There was nothing in Auria's manner that savored of condescension; nothing in Walter's that denoted a sense of inferiority. Both were again mutually pleased. A delightful evening was passed. The friendship so auspiciously commenced, rapidly ripened to unspoken love—and when they parted, it was with feelings that prompted another meeting soon.

Walter repeated his visits, always being received with the same lady-like ease and cordiality, qualified by due maidenly modesty.

As it happened he never met Syndam Hale during this time.

CHAPTER XI.

A PLOT REVEALED.

In a small and dilapidated building, originally of the humblest description, situated on a lonely wooded road, some miles from the home of our friend, the light-house keeper, two men met late one evening a few days succeeding the coming ashore of the Berham.

The younger of these individuals was a person of tall and graceful build, well-dressed, though rather of foppish exterior. His hair was dark and curling, his features regular, and his mien that of a gentleman. But his eyes were expressive of fierce and strong passions and of a nature that would not shrink from crime if its commission were necessary to accomplish personal ends. He was evidently one who would make a bitter and persistent enemy, and yet could not be entirely trusted as a friend. A "secret, black and midnight look" was his, that could not be concealed under the outward graces of the man of the world.

He wore a dark plush suit that singularly became his handsome figure. His hands were well-shaped, soft and white, and on the little finger of the left hand flashed a diamond ring.

His companion was Amy Arneton's strange admirer, Surf Castleman, the diver with whom the reader is already acquainted.

The apartment in which these two individuals were was a very small and dingy one, scantily and rudely furnished. A rough pine table occupied the centre, and a single rush-bottomed chair besides the two in which the men were seated, was about the only other article of furniture. An oil lamp burned dimly on the table, and the whole aspect of the room was cheerless and uninviting in the last degree. No other occupants of the place were visible, and indeed its appearance denoted that it was used as an occasional resort rather than as a residence. There were none of those little articles of household service visible which give evidence of daily domestic life. The spot was lonely, and an air of mystery was its atmosphere, to enter would be to feel you were on dubious, perhaps dangerous ground.

"Well, how does the work progress?" asked the younger man after he and his companion had seated themselves at the table, on which we must not forget to state were two glasses and a decanter containing some strong drink. Cautious potations however were taken; it was evident that the two men had business in hand that required clear heads to successfully arrange.

"Very favorably," was the reply. "With proper co operation and faithfulness on the part of all we may soon expect a rich reward for our scheming. If outside suspicion can only be averted awhile longer all will be well."

"There is not much danger from that source, I hope. We must not fail now. Even if the tongues of meddlers must be silenced forever we must not hesitate to do it to secure success. I have spent nearly my entire means in this enterprise, and by Heaven I do not intend to lose, if any action of mine can prevent it."

The speaker's manner grew suddenly excited. His eyes flashed, and a look of wicked determination showed in his face.

"I have two games in hand," he continued, "and I mean to win both. Whom do you suspect of playing the spy upon us, Surf?"

"That lame light-house keeper for one. If he *is* a cripple in part, he is more active on his legs than nine-tenths of the sound men—prying and dodging about, and all so innocent-like too. I've had a mind to remove him before this, but then you see he is one who would be missed, holding that petty position as he does, and being known everywhere along the coast. A mighty fuss would be raised by his disappearance, and I have thought it best to wait awhile. Besides, to tell the truth, Dunnton, he is foster-father, I learn, to a lovely bit of femininity in whom I am interested, and—"

"Ah!" interrupted Dunnton, "I understand. You have a sort of forbearing feeling toward the old chap on that account. Are you in love, Castleman? Beware! a man in that condition is apt to lose his balance a little. Remember, we must succeed in the matter we have in hand first."

"Never fear," returned the other confidently. "Like you, I am playing for a double prize, and I am equally anxious to win. Gold and beauty! ha, ha! what prospects are before us, Gilbert Dunnton."

In his exuberance of satisfaction he took a larger draught of the liquor.

"Let me warn you to be prudent in that respect also," said his companion, pointing significantly toward the glasses.

"Spare me your suggestions," answered the diver, almost fiercely. "Do I not know what I am about? I do not need such constant cautioning."

"Well, well, I did not intend to offend you, I am sure. With all your hot-headedness you may be cooler than I. You ought to be, going so often under the water. What was the result of to-day's operation?"

"To the first parties the same as yesterday—nothing. But to us—the second parties in this interesting business—ha! ha!—the very best."

An expression of greedy triumph appeared in the face of the questioner.

"And you have reached the treasure?" he asked with gasping eagerness.

"A portion of it I am sure. I discovered the brass box which contains the treasure of which we are primarily in search; the casket of which those English operators knew. It lies apart from the coin-treasure, and its existence is not suspected by others. *They* think only of the golden guineas. *We* are wiser. You were fortunate in obtaining such information from that Englishman, Gilbert Dunnton. The secret is ours, and it will make us rich."

"Then you really ascertained the position of the treasure-box?" said the younger man with increasing excitement. "If half is true that has been told me that rusty brass-bound casket contains articles of the value of two hundred thousand dollars. Two hundred thousand dollars! with a chance at the rest of the treasure. We are indeed lucky plotters, Surf Castleman."

"The box lies in the old wreck as yet," said the diver, as if he would dash the expectations of his sanguine associate. His tone was calm, intended for indifference, but in his eyes was a greedy gleam that he could not entirely suppress, and which Dunnton was quick to notice.

"But if all goes well we will obtain it, will we not?"

"I look upon it as almost certainly ours."

"Good! Oh, for patience, now, until we win it. Will you return to the wreck to-night?"

"Not unless the weather should become foggy before early morning."

"But the danger of delay."

"There is more danger in haste."

"True; but I do not advise that."

"The suspicion that I am sure has been excited against us must have time to subside first. We may be watched, unknown to us, careful as we are. The secret is ours, and there is not another diver in the country who could descend to that old hulk and find that box without a fortnight's search."

"But its position may become changed. The waves may bury it anew."

"You are too eager, Dunnton. You would ruin our prospects if you had full direction of this work. In fact, to speak plainly, you have done *your* part already. You first learned of the existence of this treasure-box and its probable position in the wreck. That was much, and entitles you to half of the prize. Now leave the rest to me. You have no experience in the practical details of the enterprise, and know little of its difficulty. We are partners, and must trust each other."

"You are right; I yield to your superior judgment in this matter. But with that immense sum almost within our grasp you must not wonder that I am a little impatient. To lose now would be maddening after all our labor and anxieties. Ye gods! have we not watched and worked!"

"Aye, that we have, and yet after all without the aid of those in whose ostensible employ I am, what could we accomplish? I am no inventor, and until the diving-bell we are at present using was contrived it was of little avail to visit the wreck. The man who invented that ought to have a share of our gains, I say, Dunnton."

The diver chuckled. His words were evidently ironical and his companion understood them.

"We will attend to our own reimbursement first. Have you brought anything of value up for the company yet, Surf?"

"Oh, yes; they must receive something occasionally or they might become discouraged and abandon the attempt. It is a costly enterprise, and a gold piece now and then has a wonderful effect in reviving their hopes. To-day I baited them with a lump consisting of several silver-pieces which the action of the water had welded together, and on top of this little mass, half a dozen true English guineas fixed as delicately, yet as firmly as garnets in a bit of quartz. It was nothing; not a part of the main treasure, but the property of one of the ship's officers, probably. It served to encourage them and that was enough."

"You are cunning, Surf Castleman."

"And yesterday I returned two human skulls with quite a collection of smaller bones. I tell you, Dunnton, there is a hideous graveyard down there—it is a horrible place."

"I should think so."

"Cannon-balls and beer-pots, heaps of glass and earthenware, even pieces of silver table-service, the latter belonging, I suppose, to the mess-chests of the officers, have been honestly forwarded by me."

Again the speaker chuckled, and his hearer joined him.

"Do not forget yourself, and send up the brass-casket, some day," said the latter.

"Never fear. *That* will go up by night, and you must be there to receive it."

"I shall be most happy to do so."

"And then you will be kind enough, I trust, to await my arrival before making off with it?"

The tone was jesting, but the diver looked keenly at his fellow plotter.

"You said we must trust each other," remarked Dunnton, understanding the covert meaning of the words.

"And we will, *for our mutual safety*," replied Castleman with an emphasis that was quite intelligible to the other.

"Ah!" he muttered with an uneasy look. "He who too readily suspects is not himself above suspicion." Then aloud: "Hint not of treachery, my friend. We are bound together in this venture, and have enough to do to guard against outsiders, without watching each other."

"When we have once secured the prize," said the diver, waiving further reference to their mutual fidelity, "what immediate disposition is to be made of it? That question must be well considered. Have you anything to suggest?"

"Only this—that we keep clear of the city. Is there no lone point up the coast that we might seek? Where is your schooner, Surf?"

"Not distant—at Black Island, in charge of Lippard."

"He is trusty?"

"He is my lieutenant. That fact attests my opinion of him."

"Could the schooner be brought to the vicinity of the Ledge?"

"At very brief notice."

"Would her presence excite suspicion?"

"Not at all, I think. Other craft are near, and the Rift is an honest-looking vessel."

"She has a rover's name."

"Call her a privateer. I've some thought of turning patriot and serving my country in that capacity."

"You will not think seriously of that till our present enterprise is abandoned, I wager."

"Not I. But what about my schooner? Would you risk your person and your share of our expected prize aboard my vessel?"

The diver looked straight into his companion's eyes as he put the bold question so challenging to his own honesty.

"I have considered that, Surf Castleman," answered Dunnton deliberately. "I have made up my mind to trust you."

"Very good!" laughed Castleman. "And let me assure you that you have come to a wise conclusion. 'Tis said there is honor among thieves."

"And 'union is strength;' since you're in the proverb line," laughed Dunnton. "We fully understand each other at last. This question of our good faith toward each other *will* come up, as it twice has this evening. Enough. Here's my hand in pledge of fair dealing." He extended it to his fellow-conspirator, who grasped it heartily, and both seemed to feel that a more secure relationship had been established between them.

"We will take a larger swig of brandy on the strength of this," said Castleman, as he filled the glasses. His love for the liquor was plain enough.

The glasses were emptied, and the consultation resumed.

"As relates to the schooner," said Dunnton. "I merely thought it might be convenient to have a way of escape by water open. Circumstances will of course shape our action."

"Your idea is good, and the Rift shall be at hand when the occasion for her presence arrives."

"All right, sir; and I will attend to the arrangements on land."

After considerable further discussion of their plans, the plotters separated, leaving the hut by different paths. Surf Castleman made his way to the vicinity of the Ledge, where rude quarters had been provided for him by his employers—the parties legitimately engaged in attempting to recover the sunken treasure. Gilbert Dunnton went toward the city to haunts that knew him better by day.

The conversation above recorded sufficiently reveals for the present the character and purposes of the two men;—both were bold, unscrupulous schemers, planning to enrich themselves by desperate means.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The Claflin Brunettes is the new name of the New York Eighty-fifth.

☞ An Illinois editor has become so hollow from depending for subsistence on his paper, that he advertises himself for sale for stove-pipe, at three cents a foot.

☞ Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.

☞ The following new definition is suggested for the forthcoming edition of Webster's Unabridged. Tomahawk—An agricultural implement, chiefly used for raising hair.

☞ The body of a dead horse, closely followed by the body of a dog, a lot of onions, an old coat, and a dozen heads of cabbage, has been seen floating toward the Detroit water-works, and the Free Press threatens to abandon the temperance society.

☞ The selectmen of a Massachusetts town are said to have refused to license a travelling circus on the ground that the balancing feats advertised were in violation of the state law against poising.

☞ Wisconsin boasts that one of its musquitoes would be more than a match for six of the Jersey gallinippers. The lumbermen say that the holes bored through four inch planks by these insects ruin them for market.

☞ Mlle. Nilsson, according to Swedish papers, will be married in July to a French gentleman named Douzan, the honeymoon to be spent in Sweden. This is the eighty-second rumor that has disposed of Mademoiselle Nilsson matrimonially.

☞ There is a man ninety-one years old in Detroit, who obstinately refuses to make himself useful to itemizers. He won't play base ball, nor chop two cords of wood per day, nor tell long stories about the things he has never eaten, nor get up at three o'clock, nor pretend that he never rode in a railroad car. He's strictly uninteresting.

☞ A dentist at Peoria, Ill., announces with candor, that he extracts teeth "with great pains."

☞ "No cows, no cream," was the way an intelligent compositor set up the words, "No cross, no crown."

☞ An Iowa woman has considerable faith in life insurance. By its agency she has realized $50,000 off two husbands, and not very good husbands either.

☞ The following note written to her schoolmate by a girl who had been absent several days, illustrates the sweet simplicity of childhood: "Dear Susie—I shan't attend school again until I get some new cuffs, collars, and Jewelry—dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine out of that Upstart Mamy Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

☞ A thing sometimes "brought to pass"—A counterfeit note.

☞ A live fish has been discovered in one of the boiling springs of California which died as soon as transferred to cold water. Under what conditions might that fish be cooked?

☞ "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Is it, my boy? Marry it, and you'll find it is very much the reverse.—*Punch.*

☞ Dolly Varden has had a short and very ignominious career in London. "Nolady," says the Queen, the ladies' newspaper, "will hereafter disfigure herself by wearing one of these now vulgar costumes."

☞ A Connecticut man rolls in wealth accumulated in the business of manufacturing "genuine relics from the Holy Land."

☞ A young lady of Richmond, Va., intending to be married, recently telegraphed to Paris for silk stockings, to be made to order, with her name worked in them, and she got them—the price being, in greenbacks, forty-two dollars a pair.

☞ The agents dispatched from New York to induce the eight hundred ship-builders at Chester, Pa., to quit work, have failed, the men refusing to strike.

"To be hung in thirty days," is the startling announcement with which a Hudson (N. Y.) merchant heads an advertisement of his stock of wall paper.

☞ It is considered the thing in London for a lady to wear a smelling-bottle attached to her belt.

☞ Smithkins got home from driving with mud on his shirt-front, and told Mrs. S., with great assurance, that it was the Dolly Varden bosom pattern.

☞ A gentleman of Chesterfield who had missed his umbrella for some time, a day or two ago found it in a conspicuous place on his premises with the following inscription pinned upon it: "This umbrainar as prade on my konshens ever sins I stule him. w. r."

☞ "Exempli gratia." "Ancient mariner (to credulous yachtsman)—"Admiral Lord Nelson! Bless yer, I knowed him; served under him. Many's the time I've asked him for a bit o' bacco, as I might be sayin' you, and says he, 'Well, I ain't got no bacco,' just as you might say to me, 'but here's a shilling for yer' says he."

☞ A certain popular clergyman, young and unmarried, is said to have remarked that if he were a centipede he could not wear one-half the slippers fashioned for him by the fair hands of admiring parishioners.

☞ To make a thin man appear fat—Call after him, and he will then look round.

☞ Immense white sunshades are the correct thing for the seaside this year.

☞ The parish surgeon of Leominster, England, has been fined twenty shillings for making a practice of kissing his lady patients. The ladies are indignant—at the smallness of the fine.

☞ A Michigan preacher has had himself photographed in the pulpit surrounded with bouquets.

☞ Victor Hugo says that he has been challenged about fifty times in his life to fight duels, but that he has always treated the challenges with great disdain.

☞ A simple, practical test is given in the American Artisan to test the purity of coffee, by which many adulterations of that article can easily be detected, even if the taste is not a sure index. If a teaspoonful of genuine ground coffee be thrown into a tumblerful of cold water it will float upon the surface. Most substances used in adulterating coffee will sink at once.

☞ In order to get the streets cleaned, a Little Rock paper prints this pleasant paragraph:—"We have an elegant assortment of first-class obituaries, from which we shall select, with pleasure, fitting ones for each of the aldermen, when he dies from the cholera or other disease, superinduced by the filthy condition of our streets and alleys."

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

It is not pleasant to visit some glorious shrine of nature with superficial souls like those embodied in the aunt and cousins Branwell was obliged to escort, and he took refuge from their exclamations as they stood by that eternal wonder of water, by turning to Miss Lorillard, assured that her tact, if not her feeling, would never allow one ill-timed word to be uttered in such a place.

He stood silently by her side while the garrulous ladies wandered along the banks, venting their admiration by interjections, which rasped upon his sensitive love for this place.

"Miss Lorillard," he said at last, turning toward her where she stood leaning against a tree, a slight wind lifting the hair from her temples, her eyes fixed, with the languor that was now perceptible in them when she was quiet, upon the opposite shore, leaping by their glances beyond this scene into some imaginary world—a world inspired by the sound in her ears and the consciousness of where she stood; for whatever of principle she lacked, she had within her the fine appreciation of beauty which leads one to look for the sense of right which ought to underlie it.

Her eyes brightened as she turned to Branwell, and listened to what he should say. He saw that awakening lustre and felt that it was involuntary.

"I am going to propose that we go down into the Cave of the Winds," he said. "Will you accompany me?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"But I warn you that the descent has an air of peril, if not its reality; that as a general thing ladies consider it proper to decline."

"I should like to go," she said; "I am not nervous."

Branwell went forward, and invited the other ladies to accompany him, but received a horrified refusal.

Half an hour after, clad in that grotesque costume of rubber, they were slowly descending the path behind their guide. All the pallor had fled from Miss Lorillard's face; it glowed with bright color, and her eyes shone in prospect of this slight excitement. Branwell could not but notice, as he took her hand, how thin it had grown; and the thought made him pause and say—

"This is thoughtless in me. This journey is for your health, and I am taking you where your nerves will be strung to an unnatural tension."

There was almost tender concern in his voice, and the tone made her eyes melt as she heard it.

It was true there was something in this man that affected her as she had never been moved before. "Do I love him?" she asked herself with a smile of amazement and self-pity.

"You need not be anxious," she replied; "my nerves are made of strong stuff. It is not quiet, it is excitement that I need. I am dying of quiet." She spoke the last hastily and with emphasis, as if she were speaking to herself; then breaking into a smile as she saw his look of surprised anxiety, she said: "It is you who are to blame; you have taken a freak to call me an invalid—and I am becoming irritable like one."

Branwell felt the spontaneous naturalness of her words; for the first time he fancied that he noticed almost a haggard look around her eyes. With a solicitous smile that made his face very attractive, he drew nearer her, yielding to an unusual feeling. He bent his head and kissed the fingers he held—kissed them with a long pressure that made her blush, and she was not an unsophisticated girl to blush at a gallant touch.

Then he led her on, and they reached the rocks of the way, over which Miss Lorillard sprang, eager to reach that cave of sublimity.

The rush, the swift, deep sound, as they neared the entrance, did not disconcert her. And when they reached the sheet of water, and plunged through a portion of it, she felt Branwell's arm about her, though she felt strong of nerve enough to have pushed through that perilous place unaided.

Once past that strange portal, and they stood within the lofty cavern, mute, motionless. The thunder of the place, the intensity of the rush, for the first instant deprived them of all thought, leaving only the mere fact of existence. They stood with faces turned toward the sheet of water which poured over the entrance a curtain of everlasting glory, misty, with a faint translucence that gave to the cavern a soft light, revealing its dark walls, its mighty arch of roof. The deep, the unspeakable sound seemed not merely to hear but to be filled with, and to have changed their existence to one in which the never ceasing roar was a condition of being. The warm summer land above was far away—that was a dream of preexistence; and this cool place of mist and sound, of grandeur and novelty unutterable—this was real, so real that whatever an after life might be, this could never be effaced, never grow dim.

For a time they stood without thinking of moving; then, with a deep breath, Miss Lorillard raised her hands to her face, held them there a moment, and turned back into the cavern with an awe that could hardly be called curiosity.

A few yards behind her she dimly discerned two more figures; they had then been preceded by others. She made a step backward, resolutely battling with the furious, rushing air that had been striving to take her breath. Branwell did not notice her movement; the guide was gesticulating concerning something.

In that one step Miss Lorillard had gained a glimpse, though indistinct, of the figure of the woman who was standing with her guide but a pace or two away.

With an exclamation which, though smothered as it instantaneously was by the winds, still reached Branwell, Miss Lorillard pressed her hands together and almost fell to the rocky floor. But she fell into the arms of Branwell, who supported her for a moment, believing that his fears were true—that she was too nearly ill to have come here. Her triumphant resolution restored her to strength, or the semblance of it, and their guide, with a gesture of authority, threw his arms about her and went toward the entrance, leaving Branwell to follow as he best could. Pushing forward perhaps too carelessly that he might be near Miss Lorillard, just at the entrance, where that column of water falls, he slipped, and would have fallen into some abyss of seething horror had not a hand, firm as soft, seized and held him until he could steady himself. He thought there was something divine in the touch of that hand, for he had not known any one else was in the cave. Staggering, he yet turned his head partially, and, despite his wrappings, he dimly saw a slight figure close to him supported by a guide. Then all three pushed on and reached at last the outside.

It seemed to Branwell that he had been there hours, but it was only a few moments.

Following the unknown and her guide, Branwell reached the path upon the land that led through the greenery. Up the path he saw Miss Lorillard sitting awaiting him, but he turned back, curious to see the woman who had aided him. She was very near

him, but he could see but little of her face, and that disguised by her uncouth garments.

"Though the aid you gave me was slight in itself," he said, extending his hand and touching her arm, "yet it saved my life, and my gratitude is such that I plead for the privilege of knowing you. I thank you with the emotion of a heart whose danger is yet near."

"You are then in love with life," she said; "in that case I am glad my hand was ready."

"If I cannot see her face, I can at least remember her voice," he thought.

He could not speak to her again, and he was vexed that he should have said but the veriest commonplaces. Miss Lorillard was awaiting his return, seated on one of the benches by the path. Her guide stood near her, and was pouring forth a voluble description of some part of the scenery, but she did not hear a word. Her eyes were fixed with a strain upon the figures of the lady and her guide who were preceding Branwell up the path. The ungainly dress in which all were enveloped was a disguise, and yet Miss Lorillard's nerves had become so unreliable, from illness and excitement, that in this place they were constantly on the alert. The unknown lady stopped, panting, to recover breath. She bent and picked a spray from the vine of an everlasting pea that hung drooping over the path. When she rose again she unloosened the hood that confined her head and threw it back, and the flickering shade and sunlight fell upon her uncovered face. Thus she advanced along the way and passed by Miss Lorillard, who sat utterly white upon her resting-place; it seemed as if she almost shrank as the girl passed, her dress just touching hers. As for the latter, she glanced casually at the lady sitting there, then glanced again with a quicker look of admiration, for Miss Lorillard too had thrown back her head-covering to give to her trembling lips all the air they could get.

It seemed nothing; it was all in a moment; and yet Miss Lorillard, half invalid as she was, leaned back, hurriedly breathing, her very lips whitening. Branwell came up instantly, in time to see the lady turning out of sight round the corner of the path. He had a rapid glimpse of dark hair, a dark face bent somewhat to the blossom she held in her hand, and she was out of sight.

He turned to Miss Lorillard and uttered an exclamation of alarm as he saw her snowy face, the strange look of her eyes, which were fixed on him with an expression he could not fathom.

"I cannot forgive myself," he cried, sitting down by her, taking her cold hand in his. "It was I who urged you to this, and now you look as if all strength had left you."

The unhappy woman struggled for the composure which she could not remember ever having so lost until at this time of all others, when she was so cursed with physical weakness. At last, looking up in his face with a smile, she said:

"It is not your fault, Mr. Branwell. It is my own that I did not think of the reaction. But I do not regret it. It is worth shortening a lifetime to have stood within that cave. Shall we go on now?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. M. MALONE.

One of the first pioneer settlers of East Tennessee was Caleb Starr, a man of daring intrepidity and adventurous ideas, who, at a very early age in life, forsook the quiet little settlement of his birth for the more exciting allurements of the forest. At that time a considerable portion of that now known as East Tennessee, belonged to the Cherokees—a formidable, blood-thirsty tribe of Indians, whose name is not unfamiliar to the reader of American history; but the young adventurer soon managed to ingratiate himself into their favor by soliciting the hand of one of their dusky daughters in marriage; and choosing for himself a quiet little nook at the foot of a steep, rugged mountain that, to this day, bears his name, he there erected a rude cabin, and settled amicably down among his new-made kinsmen.

The spring and the summer months were mainly devoted by him to the improving of a small clearing that he had formed about his cabin; but at the first appearance of frost—when the crops were gathered and safely garnered up—he would take down his old rifle from its resting place upon the wall, and wiping from it the accumulated rust and dust that it had gathered through so many long days of idleness, he would at once enter upon his favorite sport—hunting—which would last for the next half a year.

At this season he was scarcely ever to be found at his lonely cabin. When he set forth, accompanied only by his trusty rifle, it was to be gone indefinitely. It might be days ere he returned: it depended altogether upon his success.

The winter of 179— was a very early and unusually severe one. The hunting season had scarcely set in when there fell a snow of extraordinary depth, which lasted for weeks. Everything was tightly frozen; the snow became crusted over, and was capable of bearing up the weight of a man; and the raw, cold atmosphere was so bleak and spiteful that even the hardy hunter preferred the glowing fireside to its bitter sting. Yet, notwithstanding, he impatiently chafed at his restraint, and longed for freedom, and the forest, and his rifle again.

It came at length, and was joyfully welcomed by the hunter. Slowly the dark masses of angry looking clouds disappeared, and were succeeded by great yellow floods of wintery sunlight that streamed over a world of snow. This served in a measure to break the icy shackles that had so long bound everything, and a gradual thaw commenced. The conglaciated flakes that robed the bare, shivering branches of shrunken trees began to lose their tenacious hold and to drop away; the smooth, unbroken mass upon the ground commenced shivering and crumbling into myriads of shapeless fragments; while the raw, cold atmosphere, so long devoid of the cheerful sunlight, at once grew soft and mild and warm under its steady, potent influence.

Thus it had been progressing for the last forty-eight hours, when on the morning of the third day the hunter, to his inexpressible joy, found that it would admit of his going forth; and tenderly kissing his babes and assuring his wife that he should return ere nightfall, he shouldered his faithful rifle and set out for the field of sport.

The forenoon, as well as a greater part of the afternoon, was spent by him along the borders of the little valley, where in his course he killed a large buck and a number of hoarsely snarling wolves that had been drawn thither by the scent of blood. But towards night, hoping to better his success, he turned his steps up the mountain side, and after a weary toiling over jagged rocks and fallen timber, and great beds of drifted snow, he reached the wintery summit. Here, however, his hopes met with utter disappointment: for in the long, uninterrupted tramp that next ensued, not the least sign of game could he descried.

The cold, glimmering sun was low down when he turned to retrace his steps homeward, and he instinctively quickened his pace from the slow, lagging movement that he had retained through the day to a hurried walk. A few hundred yards from the top of the mountain, however, he was brought to a sudden stand-still, his further progress stayed in that direction by a high cliff of white jagged sandstone, upon whose very brink he stood. Its top was perfectly smooth and level, and covered with a slight skim of earth, yet it was entirely bare of all vegetable substance, save a gnarled and stunted oak that had found root in a deep fissure of the gaping rock, and whose gaunt trunk and black, bony limbs extended obliquely out over the dizzy precipice.

Starr stood for for some moments leaning heavily upon his rifle, and surveying with a keen eye the grim wintry prospect below. The little valley of the Cowaunga, robed in its glistening dress, and broken here and there by the winding creek, was, plainly visible both far and near; out upon the eastern border stood a solitary wigwam, whose shadowy outlines were barely traceable amid the dense clouds of smoke that curled about it, while directly at his feet, in the valley below, was his own bright, cheerful home, made so by the presence of those whom he loved.

As his gaze fell upon this latter, his heart swelled with something of pride within him, and a soft smile gradually lit up his usually stern and rugged features. Then, as if thoroughly satisfied, he slowly turned away and was in the act of taking a step forward when this movement was suddenly arrested by a low, angry growl that came directly from his left.

As quick as thought the eagle eyes of the hunter flashed around him, and there, not ten feet away, beheld the cause of his alarm. It was a huge, overgrown panther, whose crouching, straitened posture indicated the coming fatal spring.

There was something truly alarming about the ferocious creature, as it half-lay there upon its dirty, yellow-hued belly, its flashing eyes gleaming and glaring with spiteful vindictiveness, and it needed not a second glance to warn the hunter of the imminent danger that threatened him.

In a moment he was facing it, and throwing his rifle to his shoulder, with a steady hand he levelled it at the creature's head. This sudden, unlooked-for movement upon the part of the hunter tended for an instant to disconcert the premeditated spring, thus giving him time to take a more deliberate aim, and just as a second warning growl came from the parched throat, Starr touched the trigger of his surely-pointed piece. There was a flash, but no report, it had failed to fire. With that quick intuitive perception for which the hunter above all men is noted, he saw that to prepare and discharge his firearm now, was utterly impossible, and so, without an instant's hesitation, he clubbed the piece and stood upon the defensive.

He had need to do so, for in another moment the wirey beast was upon him. Summoning all his giant strength, he dealt it a crushing blow across the head and neck, shattering the butt of his rifle to atoms, and sending the snarling brute recoiling back. In his hands, however, the short iron barrel was a very effective weapon, and he again threw himself upon his guard. The second stroke he made, as ill-luck would have it, his vice-like gripe was lost, and this, his only remaining instrument of defence, was hurled away over the cliff, and fell upon the rocks below with a dull, metallic clank.

Quickly the hunter snatched from his belt the long glittering knife that depended therefrom; but in an instant, seeing that it would be sheer desperation to attack the maddened brute with such an ineffective instrument, he slowly fell back, keeping the advancing creature at bay with the bright flashing steel. Soon, however, his retreat was cut off; for upon throwing a quick glance behind him, he, to his utter dismay, beheld that he was upon the slippery verge of the dizzy height—that another step backward would hurl him headlong to destruction! He paused and stood for a moment undecided what to do. However, as is common with men in such desperate extremities, he hesitated only for a moment, and then, happening to notice the gnarled and twisted tree, he formed a plan which he hastened to put into immediate execution. Quickly glancing up at the tree again, to see that it would admit of the practicability of his intentions, he secured the knife between his clenched teeth, and seizing an icy limb that grew within his reach, he drew himself up amongst the topmost branches. His position even now had its perils; for he sat upon the tapering trunk of the tree, some ten feet away from the edge of the crag, while far below him rose more jagged rocks, and grim skeleton trees, that, should he perchance lose his precarious footing, would meet him with instant death: yet he was forced to accept of this alternative or of certain death.

The panther paused for a moment at the foot of the tree, and surveyed him with a look of wonderment manifest in its brute countenance; then fastening its long sharp claws into the rough bark it crept slowly out towards him. The old tree shook and quivered violently beneath its massive load, and threatened to topple headlong from its insecure foundation. The creature seemed to apprehend the terrible danger; for, upon coming up about half way to where the hunter sat, it uttered a low, plaintive whine, and stretched itself out to its full length upon the slanting body of the oak.

Starr's first thoughts were to drive it back if possible, and he made the attempt by flashing the blade full into its face; but instead of retreating the snarling creature only arose and shook its head threateningly at him. A combat in his present situation was not desirable on the part of the hunter, and when it lay quietly back again he dared not molest it further.

Quickly the little remaining day merged into a bleak, chill night, lighted only by the ghastly snow, and the few twinkling stars that had come forth. Yet the prowling beast of prey showed no signs of quitting its perch; on the contrary, complacently resting its nose between its huge paws it furtively eyed the nonplussed hunter, and greeted his every movement, aggressive or otherwise, with a low, angry growl.

The cold increased in bitterness with the night, and this added greatly to the unpleasantness of the hunter's situation. His nether limbs, already cramped by his unpleasant posture, became numbed and almost devoid of sensation; while his hands—one grasping the friendly knife, the other an icy branch of the tree—were fast sinking into the same lethargic state.

As the hours crept slowly on he grew restless and uneasy, and chafed with impatience at the cold. A faint, glimmering beam of light came up to him from the valley below, and he knew that it was a messenger from his own loved fireside, where his dear ones were anxiously awaiting his return. Ah, it might be a long, long while ere he should go to them. He might never go again! He trembled violently, and great drops of sweat stood upon his brow at the thought. He had faced death a thousand times in his life, yet he had never been so impressed at the terribleness of it as now. The fact was he had never thought rightly about it before; in such perilous extremities time had not been given him to think; but now there was ample time for both thought and reflection, and as he viewed it intelligibly in all it hideous realities, he—iron-nerved as he was—instinctively shrunk from its touch.

Very slowly the night wore on to its completion; but after a weary waiting of some hours—by far the longest that it had ever been his lot to experience—the hunter, to his infinite joy, beheld upon the eastern sky a faint white streak that was gradually extending in length, and encompassing within its milky belt the whole visible horizon. Never before had he felt such a thrill at the approach of light. For, even though it would not relieve him of his unwelcome companion, yet it would serve to put him upon a more equal footing; and he cast a triumphant glance at the watchful beast.

Soon the grizzled hue of morning flooded everything, revealing in its uncertain light the whole surroundings—the rough, tangled mountain—the deep space beneath—the bleak, wintery valley and its cold waters; and the hunter bent his eyes vainly about him in hopes of discovering some ready means of escape that he had hitherto failed to espy.

At the first approach of light the panther began to manifest considerable impatience, and looked around upon either hand with a sort of uneasy air. Then scrambling to its feet and giving its tawny hide a shake, it slowly turned and began to descend the tree.

Hope now beat high in the hunter's breast, and his eyes eagerly followed the scrambling creature. Soon, to his great joy, it stood upon the bare rock, and after gazing angrily up at him for some moments, and threateningly shaking its bruised head, it turned and walked slowly away. Once or twice, however it paused and looked hesitatingly back at him, as if undecided whether to leave him or not, but finally it turned the brow of the mountain and disappeared from view.

Starr felt almost like shouting, but curbing his joyful exuberance he quickly descended from his perch and turned his steps homeward, where he shortly after arrived.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Oh, its such fun to make Captain Burke believe you care for him," said Sophie Lee, as she braided her hair, to her Cousin Lottie, who was spending the night with her. "Such splendid fun! You see the captain is so vain that he imagines everybody admires him, especially the women. Perfectly irresistible, you know, and all that. I do just enjoy fooling him."

"But what does Mark say?" asked Lottie.

"Oh, Mark don't like it very well, but *I* don't care for *that*," answered Sophie. "We're not married yet, and I mean to enjoy myself while I have a chance to. The captain's going away in a few weeks, and then I'll make it all right with Mark. He's silly to care anything about it, because I'm just flirting with the captain. I wouldn't give Mark's little finger for a whole cartload of such men as Captain Burke, and he might know it, if he'd stop and think about it."

"But perhaps Mark doesn't like to have his promised wife flirting with other men," said Lottie. "It doesn't look just right."

"I can't help how it looks," answered Sophie, "I know there's lots of fun in it—and that's all I care about."

"But people will talk, you know," said Lottie.

"Let them, then," answered Sophie. "I can't help that, either."

"Yes you can," said Lottie, stoutly.

"How?" asked Sophie.

"By not giving them any occasion," answered Lottie.

"Pshaw?" laughed Sophie, scornfully. "They'll talk anyway, occasion or not. It doesn't make any difference. They've just so much talking to do—and if they don't talk about one thing, they will about another. When they're talking about me, some one else is resting."

"I don't think you look at the matter as you ought to," answered Lottie, thoughtfully. "If I were engaged to a man, I should consider myself just the same as married to him, and wouldn't any sooner flirt with another man, than I would after I was married. It don't look right to me, Sophie."

"Oh, you little Puritan!" cried Sophie. "I'm not at all like you—consequently what seems wrong to you may seem quite different to me. I can't see that I'm committing such an awful sin in having a little flirtation with Captain Burke."

"But suppose Mark Graham should take it into his head to run after some other girl, and go to see her every day or two, as the captain comes here to see you, and walk out with her, and sing sentimental songs with her, and carry her bouquets, and all that sort of thing? What then, Miss Sophie? Wouldn't some one be jealous?"

"Ah, but *that* would be different!" said Sophie, with heightened color.

"I don't see how," answered Lottie. "A woman hasn't any more right to flirt than a man, that I'm aware of. What would be wrong in Mark Graham is wrong in his promised wife."

"I do dislike preachers, and being preached to!" cried Sophie, with a flush of annoyance on her face. "I'm going to bed, Lottie. You can keep right on talking if you want to. Don't let me put you out in the least."

The next evening Mark Graham called on his betrothed. She was in the parlor, and Captain Burke was there with her. The captain was a vain, conceited fellow, with a vast amount of assurance, and a small amount of knowledge and common sense. Mark disliked him thoroughly, and all the more because of late Sophie had taken to flirting with him outrageously.

Mark had shown Sophie more than once how much it displeased him to have her on such seemingly intimate terms with this man, about whom they knew so little, and who had absolutely nothing to recommend him to cultivated society.

But Sophie was willful and headstrong, and was all the more resolved to keep up her little flirtation after that for several reasons. She wanted to show Mark that she wasn't going to be ruled like a child, and she wanted to be obstinate, because she felt a little ashamed of herself, but did'nt like to own it; and then she wanted to show people that she didn't care for what they said; she was perfectly independent. She wasn't going to stand in awe of Mrs. Grundy.

Of course she could make it all right with Mark when she got ready. He loved her, and she could wind him around her little finger.

Sophie and Captain Burke were singing when Mark went in.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said Mark sarcastically. "Go on, please."

Sophie saw how it nettled him to see her and the captain together, and took a wicked delight in tormenting him. She had words for hardly any one but the captain. It was, "Oh! Captain Burke, have you read this or that?" and "Oh! captain, do tell us that story about your skirmish with the Indians. I'm sure Mr. Graham will be delighted to hear it."

"Mr. Graham" would have been delighted to kick the captain out of the house, though he could not disguise the fact to himself that Sophie was more to blame than her dupe.

By-and-by Mark left in high wrath.

"Come in again, almost any time," said Sophie as he said good night. "Don't you like to hear the captain talk? I do. He's so interesting. You'll find him here almost any time you care to listen to him."

"Confound the captain!" thought Mark, but he didn't say so.

The next night he did not come, but he sent a line to Sophie, asking if she would be at home on the following evening. He wished to see her on important business.

"The matter's got to be settled right here," said Mark as he folded the note. "She must choose between me and that puppy. I won't be fooled in this way any longer."

Sophie sent back word that she should be at home, but Captain Burke had promised to bring her some new music, and she should not be alone. The evening after that they were all going boat-riding on Lily Pond. Wouldn't he go with them?

Mark was white with anger when he read her note.

"This matter has gone far enough," he said quietly, for all his excitement. "No woman can play that sort of game with me."

He sat down and wrote a few lines and sent them to Sophie by the same messenger that brought her note to him. They were:

"I have thought the matter over, and find that I do not care to be made the play-thing of a thoughtless girl. As you prefer the interesting society of Captain Burke to mine, I withdraw any claim I have had on you, that you may enjoy him without feeling that any one else has the least right to demand even a small share of your attention. For the woman I imagined you to be I had a sincere regard. For the woman I have found you to be, I have no friendly regard whatever. Consider yourself free to accept all the attentions Captain Burke offers you. I turn over all my interest in you to him, with my congratulations.

"MARK GRAHAM."

It was a scornful, bitter note, but it interpreted the mood he was in perfectly.

"That ends the matter between us," he said, as he sent it to its destination. "I could never trust my happiness to the keeping of a woman so thoughtless and willful as Sophie Lee has shown herself to be."

Sophie read the letter with a curious mixture of emotions. At first she was startled at its contents, and blamed herself for being so blind and foolish. On second reading she grew indignant, and after thinking it over a little, concluded that Mark had written it to try her.

"He'll come around when I ask him to," she thought. "He's undertaken to make me do just as he says, and I *won't* be ordered round by him. I'll do just as I please, for all Mark Graham, and I'll make *him* come to *my* terms."

But Mark Graham did not seem disposed to come to Sophie's terms. He did not avoid her society after that, but he was cold and distant, and Sophie began to think that it was time for her to make some little overtures for peace.

But Mark was not to be won back by a few sweet words, and Sophie, finding her advances repelled flirted harder than ever with Captain Burke, contenting herself with the idea that when the captain was gone she'd fall to and make short work of overcoming Mark's indignation.

But Mark had no such idea. When he gave her up it was for good. The woman who had promised to be his wife, and then had no more regard for his wishes than Sophie had could hold his respect and love no longer.

Perhaps he had never loved Sophie with the strong affection he was capable of giving a woman. At any rate it was not long before he found that he was quite capable of loving some one else, and before Captain Burke left the village, Mark was the accepted lover of a girl he had long known, and of whose principles he was quite sure, because he had seen more of her than of any other woman he had ever known, save his mother. They had been playmates together, and schoolmates, and Mark wondered, when he thought of it, how he ever could have been blind enough to overlook his second choice for Sophie Lee.

At last Sophie tired of Captain Burke when she saw Mark paid no attention to her conduct. She did not care the least in the world for the shallow-brained fellow in military clothes, and when she found she was making no impression on any one but herself by her flirtation with him, she began to consider it time to end the matter. Captain Burke thought so too, and he was quite ready to take the hint which Sophie gave him to bring matters to a focus. But he did not do exactly as Sophie had intended he should. She wanted some little satisfaction for her summer's work, and thought the pleasure of saying "no" to the captain's proposal would afford her some gratification. But the captain was sharp enough to withdraw at once from the scene of conflict and leave her to chagrin and defeat, with not even the satisfaction of having broken his heart. In fact, he turned the tables on her beautifully.

When Captain Burke was gone, Sophie set about making a reconciliation between Mark and herself.

"I'll go over to Lottie's this afternoon," she said, one pleasant day. "Mark will be at home, and Lottie 'll ask him in this evening, and he'll walk home with me, and I'll tell him I'm sorry, and ask his forgiveness, and everything 'll be right again. There's nothing brings a man around so quick as to tell him he was right, and you were wrong and are sorry for it."

Oh wise Miss Sophie!

Sophie went over to her cousin's. Mark's home was just across the road, and she could see him as he busied himself about the garden.

After tea, as Lottie didn't speak of it, Sophie suggested that she should ask Mark over for an hour or two.

Lottie blushed a delightful rosy red. Sophie wondered at it, then.

"If you want me to, I'll go over and ask him," said Lottie.

"I wish you would," said Sophie; "I'm going to talk over matters with him, and bring him around again."

Lottie blushed up rosily again, and an amused look came into her eyes as she ran over to Mark's.

"He'll be in by-and-by," she said, when she came back.

And by-and-by he came in.

Sophie smiled her most bewitching smile to welcome him, but it didn't seem to have much impression on his obdurate heart. She brought all her powers of fascination to bear on him, but in vain.

At last she got provoked.

"I see you're mad yet, because I flirted with that stupid old Captain Burke!" she said. "You might know I didn't mean anything. I only made believe, for the sake of a little flirtation."

"Oh, but you're mistaken," said Mark, sweetly. "I don't care anything about it, I assure you. I hope you enjoyed yourself. Lottie and I have been having a little flirtation, and we liked it so well that we've concluded to be married in January. Won't you and Captain Burke give us the pleasure of your company at the wedding?"

Sophie was first pale, then red. Then she burst into tears.

"I think you're real mean," she sobbed. "You knew I didn't care for that Burke. I did it just for the fun of the thing, and to tease you."

"A man may be '*teased*' beyond what he is capable of standing," answered Mark. "I am perfectly satisfied with the way your little flirtation turned out. Only I wouldn't advise you to try the same kind of amusement again, when you are engaged to a man. There are limits to a man's patience and forbearance."

Sophie isn't married yet, and, what's more, there are no signs of her being wooed and won by even another Captain Burke. She begins to fear she'll always be Sophie Lee, just on account of her little flirtation.

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SIX YEARS LATER; OR, THE TAKING OF THE BASTILE. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

SYLVESTER SOUND, THE SOMNAMBULIST. By HENRY COCKTON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE GALAXY for July. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for July. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS for July. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A NEVADA paper, speaking of the rarity of the atmosphere at Virginia City, says that ballet dancers are frequently unable to go through their parts, and encores are impossible. Persons arriving from places near the level of the sea, who are at home rapid walkers, soon find themselves brought up with a round turn, and either spit blood or bleed at the nose. Little brisk walking is ever seen in the city. People do not seem so active as they really are, for the reason that they have been compelled to adopt a gait which if not lazy is at least rather leisurely. Hot weather is felt much more severely and is much more debilitating than at the sea level. When the thermometer marks eighty degrees in this elevated region, the air is of much less value than it is at the sea level under the same heat. Pigeons that fly very strongly in California are almost like unfledged birds when brought here. Lots of pigeons brought from California for pigeon-shooting matches are often almost worthless, as upon being sprung from the trap they will flutter and come to the ground before going two rods.

☞ A lady correspondent of the San Francisco Call, writing on earthquakes, thinks that "heterogeneous parallaxes prismatically converging are not due to the silicious introductions of photospericol asteroids, but rather to parabolic stratification of igneous zygoma." We think so, too.

☞ The Cleveland police picked up a man a few days ago, who appeared to be suffering from great "worriment of mind," but, on applying soothing remedies, he explained matters. When he left his happy home early in the morning, his wife kissed him good-bye, as is her custom when she wants any errand performed, and then asked him to "go to the dressmaker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and be sure to tell her, dear," said the wife, "that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing and box-plaited below the equator which should be gathered in hem stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with a gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way instead of listing the bobinette insertion, and piecing out with point applique as I suggested yesterday."

☞ A wonderfully conscientious criminal has turned up in Indiana. He is a colored man, and six years ago was sentenced to the State Prison for four years for grand larceny. After six months he made his escape and has not been heard of since until a few days ago, when he gave himself up to the warden and expressed a desire to finish the service which he owed to the State. He said his object in escaping was to provide for a large and destitute family and place them above want. Having accomplished this he came back to captivity. He was locked up again, a reward he did not expect.

☞ Punch says that the following extract from a notice of the flowers at the Crystal Palace by the London Times, is "botanical crackjaw: "The specimens of sarracenia drummondialia, of the imantophyllum minutum, of the cyanophyllum magnificum, of the sarracenia drummondilluva, and of the sphærogyne latifolia call for distinct notice."

Founded on a Rock!—The disappointed adventurers who have from time to time attempted to run their worthless potions against DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS, vow that they cannot understand what foundation there is for its amazing popularity. The explanation is simple enough. The reputation of the world-renowned tonic is founded upon a rock, the ROCK OF EXPERIENCE. All its ingredients are pure and wholesome. How, then, could tricksters and cheats expect to rival it with compounds of cheap drugs and refuse liquor, or with liquorless trash in a state of acetous fermentation? Of course the charlatans have come to grief. Their little game has failed. Their contempt for the sagacity of the community has been duly punished. Meanwhile PLANTATION BITTERS seem to be in a fair way of eventually superseding every other medicinal preparation included in the class to which it belongs. In every State and Territory of the Union it is, to-day, the accepted specific for nervous debility, dyspepsia, fever and ague, rheumatism, and all ailments involving a deficiency of vital power.

☞ The other day an excited individual accosted a street *gamin* with the question—"Say, bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railroad depot?" "Run!" was the response.

Suicide Committed,

as the result of an inactive state of liver and stomach, producing headache, obtuse intellect, dullness, despondency, dementia, and finally insanity, is no uncommon occurrence. All these disagreeable symptoms and bad feelings are most certainly dispelled by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It revitalizes and builds up the whole system. A little book on chronic diseases sent free. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. Golden Medical Discovery sold by all Druggists. 577.

Barnett's Cocoaine gives new life to the hair.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Owen, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Jim Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

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The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

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A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York
my11-4t.

Midsummer Maladies.

The hot solar rays that ripen the harvests generate many distressing diseases. If the liver be at all predisposed to irregularities, this is the season in which bilious attacks may be anticipated. A weak stomach too, is weakest in the summer months, and the loss of vitality through the pores by excessive perspiration is so great, that a wholesome tonic, combining also the properties of a diffusive stimulant and gentle exhilarant, is in many cases necessary to health, and under no circumstances should be dispensed with by the sickly and debilitated. Of all the preparations intended thus to refresh, sustain, and fortify the human frame, there is none that will compare with Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters. They have been weighed in the balance of experience and not found wanting; have been recommended from the first as a great medicinal specific, not as a beverage, and in spite of interested opposition from innumerable quarters, stand, after a twenty years trial, at the head of all proprietary medicines intended for the prevention and cure of all ordinary complaints of the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the nerves. In the unhealthy districts bordering the great rivers of California, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be classed as the standard one for every species of intermittent or remittent fever. The people who inhabit those districts, place the most implicit confidence in the preparation—a confidence that is increased every year by the results of its operation.

As Bitters, so called, of the most peculiar character, are springing up like fungi on every side, the public is hereby forewarned against the dram-shop frauds. Ask for Hostetter's Bitters, see that the label, etc., are correct, and remember that the genuine article is never sold in bulk, but in bottles only. jy6-1m

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50

One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

Said a young husband whose business speculations were unsuccessful: "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding-cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "you must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor, to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well-intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter was timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn all their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch-pin, and felt himself obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owner's gold and silver style.

[From Theocritus.]

THE HONEY STEALER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE W. MILES.

A naughty bee once stung young Cupid,
Plundering honey from his store;
Then fell he on the earth lamenting,
And held aloft his fingers sore.

But quick he rose and to his mother
Soon began he to complain,
"The little bee, how small a creature,
Yet how great this cruel pain."

And his mother smiling answered,
"What have you indeed to say?
You too are small and seem as harmless,
But your wounds how great are they?"

FRENCH WAYS.

In the Avenue Josephine young ladies can walk out by themselves without the attendance of a maid or a matron. In any other part of the city they would subject themselves in so doing to a good deal of unpleasantness, such as being addressed and followed by impertinent idlers, whose sole business in life is to walk about seeing whom they may annoy. No young girl above the rank of a shop-girl is allowed to go out unaccompanied in Paris, and the French push this rule so far as to undergo the most trying personal inconvenience rather than infringe it. They do not allow two sisters, or even three, to cross the street unattended. An instance of this which points to the case in question occurs to our mind as we write. Three sisters were in the habit of attending a drawing class in the vicinity of the Champs Elysées; the eldest was nineteen, the youngest about thirteen. They were studying the art very diligently, with a view to gaining their livelihood, and came three times a week for two hours to their lessons. They lived at a distance of about half an hour's walk from the professor's studio. She was a lady, and one to whose company a band of cherubs might have safely been intrusted. The young ladies had but one servant, a *bonne*, as the maid-of-all-work is called here, and will it be believed by any rational, self-respecting, independent American sisterhood that this household *omnium* was obliged to leave the frying-pan and the wash-tub and the broom to trudge out three mornings a week regularly backward and forward with these three young women? It was not worth her while going home again, after depositing them at the door of the studio, to return two hours later, for this would have given her two hours' walking instead of one; so she used to sit and knit while her *demoiselles* cultivated the fine art that was to gain their bread by-and-by. There were a few English people at the *cours*, and this French arrangement was a subject of continual suppressed merriment to us. If the girls had been heiresses, or if they had even had a maid attached to their special service, who might lose her morning, dancing, or, more properly, sitting, attendance on them without interfering with the sweeping and cooking of the family, it would have been all very well; but there was something quite comical to our British mind in the idea of three intelligent human beings, who were destined to fight the battle of life with their hands and their brains, not being able to take care of themselves through the streets and home again without having this unfortunate *bonne* tacked on to them. However, those are French ways, and it is no concern of ours to reform them. One motive in relating the circumstance is merely to show American girls how little liberty it is considered orthodox for them to enjoy in Paris. In the Champs Elysées quarter a larger measure is extended to them, because it is taken for granted, when two are seen walking out alone, that they are English or American; but they must make up their minds not to do this in the other parts of the city, for the reasons already given. When they go out alone they should also be careful to dress as quietly as possible, so as to avoid any disagreeable misconstruction.

☞ A New Fairfield man who failed to get a thirty cent pineapple for a quarter of a dollar, wanted to know "whether we are breathing the pure air of freedom or being strangled with the fetid breath of a hellish despotism?" The storekeeper said those were the only pineapples he had.—*Danbury News.*

☞ Young boys around town weep bitterly as they hunt the house high and low for their missing hats, while their elder sisters giggle sweetly as they sit in their boudoirs and disguise the missing article with ribbons and flowers.

"GOOD-BYE, DARLING."

BY NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.

"Good-bye, darling!" That was all.
Twilight shades began to fall;
Stars peeped through the purple sky,
And the river rippled by.

"Good-bye, darling!" One more kiss
(Sweetest seal of earthly bliss!)
Fell upon my blushing cheek;
Then he paused. How could we speak?

Close he held me in his arms.
(Even parting hath its charms.)
Who remembers Sorrow's dart,
Cheek to cheek and heart to heart?

"Good-bye, darling!" whispered low—
We had known such bliss below!
Must it end? Must this farewell
Finis of love's story tell?

No; we parted for awhile.
Each would meet the other's smile
In the joyous days to come,
When our hearts would feel no gloom.

"Good-bye, darling!" still I hear,
When the stars shine bright and clear,
When the river ripples by,
And the passing zephyrs sigh.

"Good-bye, darling!" soft and low—
Words of love and words of woe.
Still the river ripples by,
But it was our last "Good-bye!"

There are griefs the heart may know,
Blighting all of life below;
Yet we live and journey on
When our every hope is gone.

Though my woman's soul is bowed,
And each hope is in its shroud,
"Good-bye, darling!" I could say,
When they lay my heart away!

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING A GREAT MAN.

The muck-rakers of literature are at it again. One of those very conscientious gentlemen who are always making it their "painful duty" to publish every little wrong or weakness they can find out about anybody, has just given to the world a biography of the sole divinity remaining to me from the hero-worship of my youth. If there is any little circumstance in the life of my hero which he would wish his friends to slide over kindly and not tell on him, that is the circumstance which this considerate biographer considers it his "painful duty" to tell what he knows about. Hang folks' "painful duties!"

Off to the right of our window there is a huge pile of dirt. A property owner is filling up a sunken lot. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the ash-man dumps a precious load of ashes, old shoes and skeleton skirts there. The city also deposits the street-scrapings thereon. That huge pile of refuse is a sight to behold. And every day hideous old women and frightful looking children come and hawk the mass over, and turn it upside down, and stir it to its innermost depths, and pounce like cats upon whatever among the pitiful old trash strikes their eyes. The Lord only knows what they can do with the stuff. Just so this well-meaning biographer has raked among the useless old trash in the life of my hero, and hauled out the unsightly rubbish and published it. Nobody thanks him for it, not even my dead hero's enemies.

The saddest thing in this life is to be a great man. Just because God has given a man a great intellect and a great heart, with strength to leave his impress on his day and generation, for this reason he must be turned inside out and given to the winds after he is dead. Any man, with a remote possibility of being a great man, would do well to think twice before running the risk of having everything in his life that he was ashamed of told on him in a book after he was dead. And he would do better to withdraw into his shell and not allow himself to be a great man under any circumstances. Good Heavens, yes! If one were offered the situation of being President of the United States for two terms, just on the simple condition of having his old love letters published, one wouldn't do it.

A great meanness ought to be told on anybody; a small weakness, a constitutional defect, or a misfortune in the life of a public man, as in that of a private person, ought to be kindly covered with the sweet veil of charity. What earthly good can it do to tell the world that Abraham Lincoln had mean ancestors? Haven't we all had mean ancestors, I'd like to know?—very mean, indeed, some of them. Doubtless the chief biographer himself had mean ancestors, or if he hadn't, it is an absolute certainty that some of his immediate ancestors had a very unwise son. Such a son, indeed, that a body is reminded of the advice given to the politician, "'If a man see an ass in his dreams, he has good hope of salvation,' says the Talmud. If the distinguished gentleman will hang a looking-glass at the foot of his bed at night, he will insure his soul's salvation beyond a doubt." What earthly good can it do for the literary gentleman to shove in his long-handled implement and claw out the fact that a great man once wrote a very cowardly and spiteful letter? Haven't we all written letters that it makes us ashamed as death to remember? Hasn't every one of us spoken words that we would almost cut our very tongues out to have unsaid? Don't you suppose the great man was mortified enough over that one mean act of his life already, aye, from the very moment he was guilty of it, and that he tasted the bitter waters of humiliation every time he thought of it as long as he lived?

The times you have made a fool of yourself are far more grievous to remember than the sins you have committed. Therefore it is kindly permitted the private individual to skip the numerous times he has been a fool, nor do his friends go and put it in the papers on him. For private *is* private, and ought to be so regarded in the lives of great men as of little men. A man, because of his very greatness, will have great weaknesses, sometimes. They have no more right to be put into a book than the little weaknesses of little men. How enraged the saints and heroes up in Heaven must be, to see the cheap biographies parceling their qualities out and hawking them over the universe!

If Shakespeare was arrested for deer-stealing, we don't want to be told of it. If Lord Bacon once upon a time took a bribe, if Queen Elizabeth was a stingy old thing in private, spare us, O muck-raker! and don't keep harping on it to the end of the world. Leave us, we beseech you, yet one or two saints and heroes for a pattern, one or two to inspire us, and fill us with a grand glow from the light of their glories and victories, from the story of their superhuman patience, their God-endowed genius. Human nature does not gain anything by stripping her heroes of the shining veil which a loving fancy has thrown over them. There would not be a single brave pattern left for poor humanity, if all the great souls of the world had to have every moment of weakness laid bare to the profane gaze of the whole earth. To think of my great, grand hero, with his wide brow, and his deep, tender heart, knight of the spotless life and the chivalrous soul, having all the idiotic love-scrapes of his unbaked youth brought up in print against him now! It is enough to bring him out of his grave. If our writers must do dirty work of some sort, let them turn politicians, in heaven's name, and leave our dead heroes alone. We need to have them stay just as we have always thought them, brave, gifted, and strong, stars to guide us in the darkness, saints, heroes, and sages, standing forever before our tired eyes in their royal robes of shining whiteness, such that—

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

ZIG.

COLORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

There is a certain small organ upon the human head, supposed by Phrenologists to lie just above the outer corner of the eye, that I wish more women would cultivate now-a-days.

You know organs *can* be cultivated, where they are deficient, by devoting time and thought to the subjects to which they relate, and by *irritating* the *real estate* where the organ *should* be located. And so I wish that certain women of my acquaintance, and certain women *not* of my acquaintance, but whom I am obliged to see, if I am in the street, or on the cars, or at the theatre, or in church, would irritate, and rub, and worry that small spot, just above the outside corner of their eyes, until the slumbering organ of *Color* is aroused, and awakened, and made to understand its important duty.

Yes, my dear little organ, you have a very important part to act, in assisting ladies to make their toilets. If you keep awake, and alert, and assert your rights, and speak out your mind freely, and fearlessly, and declare that you *will* be heard, and *will not* be trampled upon, and get your back up, when ever anything of the kind is attempted; why, then, I say, the ladies' toilets will be artistic and neat, and pleasing to the eye of the beholder, no matter how simple and inexpensive they may be. But if you will slink off, out of sight, and doze your life away, and never say a word, or do anything, why then the toilets will be out of taste and incongruous, no matter how "stylish" and expensive. For how can we expect a woman to get on tasty and becoming garments who does not know the difference between blue and green, and who insists that pink is magenta, and magenta crimson!

We are all of us liable to be deceived in colors by gas or lamp light, and if we are foolish enough to select ribbons or dress goods in the evening (unless for evening wear), we need not be surprised if daylight puts a very different—face, I was going to say, but will change it to—*color* upon affairs; but there are women who will go deliberately, intentionally, and with malice aforethought, and purchase an elaborate gros grain blue bow and sash to wear with a *red dress!* or red sash to wear with a blue dress! I have seen it done, I, myself, like the fly, with "my little eye."

Now all the new styles that Dame Fashion, Empress (when she was) Eugenie, or any other woman may invent or introduce, all the new rules that may be laid down, all the new ideas that may be put forth, can never, *never*, NEVER make blue and red harmonize; and no lady can be tastefully attired, though her ribbons be ten dollars per yard, and her dress pattern cost a thousand, when she wears these two colors, unless it be upon some national celebration occasion, and she wishes to represent the colors of our dear old flag in her dress, which is quite another thing; for *every* other feeling gives way to love of country and patriotism always, and under all circumstances.

But I am speaking of the usual street, carriage, church or ball costume. How often on the promenade have I seen ladies attired in costumes that must have cost a small fortune, yet so wretchedly were the colors arranged, that the whole toilet looked out of taste and tawdry. I remember once seeing a young lady dressed in green; that is the *foundation*, the *dress* itself was green; and on her hair she wore a deep blue ribbon, while a purple knot fastened her collar. Thus bringing into one toilet three of the most inharmonious colors the eye could fall upon.

It seems strange to me that women cannot see at a glance what colors harmonize and what do not. I know our fashion magazines are full of horrid combinations, but as I said before, *Fashion* can never change the rules of color. So long as the world stands blue and green will never harmonize, and crimson, scarlet, pink, or almost any color of red *will* harmonize with green, and the combination will appeal pleasantly to the eye.

Blue and pink are worn together, and the effect is not positively unpleasant. Yet for my part I do not fancy it. My taste would dictate blue flowers or ribbons in the hair with a blue dress, and if any bows or sashes either blue or black. However, I suppose women will continue to dress in as wretched taste as they please in spite of all that can be said, or they will at least until they rub up those dormant organs of *color* and set them to work. But if they will persist in wearing green and blue, or red and blue, I wish they would keep out of my sight, for such a display of poor taste always effects me like a jarring discord in music.

You have heard, haven't you, some delightful piece of music played, and just as you were floating into heaven on the exquisite strains a harsh, grating, crashing discord has spoiled it all? Well, that is just the feeling precisely that it gives me to see a costly, beautiful toilet ruined by a diabolical combination of colors. And, my dear young ladies, before you turn up your noses at my remarks, let me whisper in your ears that I am not alone in this feeling: I have heard a number of gentlemen express the same sentiment; and I have heard men ask, too, "What was the reason that Miss A—— looked so poorly to-day? Her attire was costly and elegant, yet somehow the general effect was wretched, and that quiet little Miss B—— quite outshone her." And they did not know until it was explained to them that it was Miss A's poor taste in *colors* that had annoyed them.

TURKISH LOVERS.

Writing is an art that is not general among the Turks, consequently when a lover wishes to communicate his sentiments in writing, he has a mode of effecting it without pen, ink, or paper, by means of flowers, fruits, woods, silks, stuffs, and colors, of which he makes a packet, each article having an allegorical sense. The packet is called a selam. Those who employ this mode of communication have a casket stored with the necessary articles to compose a selam. They have a dictionary, that they know by memory, of the allusions they wish to give by their flowers. An anilret signifies "We are both of one mind;" a piece of rose-bush, "I weep continually, but you deride my tears;" a piece of cloth, "I am tired of your importunities;" a piece of buckram or canvas, "We shall be together to-morrow;" a piece of silk, "you have gained my mind;" a looking-glass, "I am ready to sacrifice myself for you;" a pistol, "I love you very much." A grain of raisin, some blue silk, a pen, a morsel of sugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in a certain order, form a billet doux to this effect: "My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions to me has nearly deprived me of my senses; my heart passionately desires yours; give my disease the necessary remedy."

☞ "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," as the thief said when he was trying to steal a goat.

AVALON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

The magic lands of bloom and rest,
Where ne'er is seen the gloomy night,
Lie sleeping in the golden West,
Far, far away from mortal sight.
I cannot tell you where they are,
But yet, I know, the Blessed Isles,
Somewhere beyond the shining bar
Of sea-waves, bask in sunny smiles.

Sometimes in waking dreams I hear,
Upon the parched Southern strand,
The falling waters, cool and clear,
Of fountains in the Happy land;
With yearning heart and longing eye,
I gaze upon the glowing West,
Where, beckoning in the distance, lie
The far-off Islands of the Blest.

And oft, when leaning o'er the side
Of some good vessel, staunch and trim,
Waiting the rise of wind and tide,
Near the horizon, blue and dim,
I've seen the flutter of a wing,
And heard the echo of a song,
Such songs as mortals cannot sing,
Borne faintly by the breeze along.

The last faint glow of sunset fires
Fades out within the Western sky,
And crimson tipped cathedral spires
Loom in the twilight cold and high;
The silver fleeces of the cloud
Dip slowly in the azure sea,
And palaces rise, fair and proud,
Whose snow-white domes before me flee.

They tell me, o'er the Happy Isles,
That Arthur rules with gentle sway.
In dreams, I see, enwreathed in smiles,
The lovely face of Morgue la Faye.
A softer light enchantment throws
Round Galahad, faithful knight and pure,
And over Launfal's bosom flows
The golden hair of Tryamour.

And so a dim receding shore,
Whose sweetness I have never known,
Such hidden beauty holds in store,
That all the light from earth has flown;
A vision haunts me, day by day,
And feverish longings fill my breast;
Onward my vessel speeds her way—
Alas! I cannot here find rest,
And near and nearer draws my bark,
And ever Hope my heart beguiles—
The picture fades, and all is dark—
Avalon! Oh, the Happy Isles!

THE GHOST OF SARAH JANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Jerushy! Jerushy!" shouted Farmer Price. "Jerushy!" louder and more imperative with every repetition. "Where on airth is the woman?" and he strode through the kitchen, and into the pantry beyond it.

"Here I am, Aaron. What do you want?" said his wife, appearing at the bed-room door, and furtively wiping her eyes as she spoke.

"What do I want? Why, a lunch put up for the men. We're going up to the five-acre lot, and may not get through with the grass there till late. So step round lively, for we haven't a moment to lose. But what's the matter?" he added, looking curiously at his wife's swollen eyes. "Hain't heard of anybody's being dead nor nothing, have you?"

"No, Aaron," was the meek reply.

"Then what in thunder is the matter? I do hate to see a woman always a-crying round the house, and you've done nothing else these three days. Confound it!" he added angrily, "why don't you tell what's the matter?"

"What's the use, Aaron?" answered his wife. "You know well enough what's the matter."

"I should think I did!" yelled the farmer, almost beside himself with passion. "Just because I won't send that fool of a boy to school, and college, and make a gentleman of him, I'm to have no peace of my life. But I tell you, Jerushy Price, it's no use. He's been to school three winters, and got edication enough, and now he shall go to work. So you just shut up, and get that lunch ready."

"But, Aaron, Tom is not a fool, but a bright, smart boy; the master said so last winter. He isn't strong enough to work hard on the farm; and he's so anxious to learn more. Do, husband, let him have a chance," she pleaded earnestly. "I'll work and save every way I can, so as to help along, if you'll only send him to college. I can't bear to see him look so disappointed like. His eyes have grown big and dark, like his mother's; and somehow when he looks so grieved, though he tries not to, it makes me feel just as if Sarah Jane was looking at me and accusing me of not treating him well."

"I tell you, woman," thundered her husband, "he shall not go to college, and there's no use of talking. His mother looking at you, indeed! Then I wish she'd tell you to hurry up that lunch, and not waste the best haying day we've had this year. Send a boy of mine to college!" he continued, as his wife set the lunch basket before him. No! not if his mother stood before me and asked me to, I wouldn't!" And he left the house, banging the door behind him.

"Poor Tom!" sobbed his kind stepmother, her tears flowing freely, now she was alone. "If I could only help him! I promised poor Sarah Jane when she was dying that I'd always be kind to him; and that was mostly the reason I married Aaron afterwards, thinking somehow I should have more chance to take care of Tom. I think I may say I've tried to do my duty by him as much as if he'd been my own child. But now Aaron's so dead set against his having any more schooling, I don't know what to do. It seems somehow as if Tom wasn't made for hard work. He's kind of delicate, like his mother, and wants to read and write all the time, though he's always ready and willing to do whatever I ask him.

"I did hope I should coax Aaron round, while Tom was off at his grandfather's this week; but I don't seem to one bit;" and with a deep sigh she went on with her work and meditations at the same time.

She was soon interrupted, however, by a loud shout and merry voices in the lane which led to the house, and reached the door just in time to meet the identical Tom of her thoughts, a fine-looking lad of sixteen.

"How are you, mother dear!" he exclaimed. "See who I have brought home with me!" and he stood aside to reveal a bright, pretty girl of about his own age. "This is my venerable Aunt Dolly," he added laughingly.

"Why, Dolly Stevens, is that you? How you have grown and altered! Do come right in and sit down where it's cool," and the good woman bustled about, bringing cold water and palm-leaf fans, to say nothing of tempting dishes from the pantry, till Tom declared it made him hot to see her, and playfully pulling her down into a chair, demanded to be sent for whatever was needed next.

"Sit down yourself, Tom, and eat a tart, while I take a look at Dolly. I haven't seen her since your grandfather moved away ten years ago. Mercy on us, child! how much you look like Sarah Jane, your sister and Tom's mother! I suppose you don't remember her any more than Tom; you were both such little things when she died."

"Now, Tom, I shall want some stores from the village before night, and after you're rested you'll have to harness up the horse and go for them; for your father and all hands are off haying-up in the five-acre lot. They started pretty soon after dinner, and took something to eat, so as to finish before they came home, even if it was after supper time."

"I'll go now, mother," said Tom, rising.

"Well there, I'll get you the molasses jug, and see what else I want," answered Mrs. Price, hurrying off.

"I suppose you've no good news for me?" said Tom wistfully, as he took the jug, and received his instructions.

"No, my poor boy," she returned sadly. "I coaxed and coaxed, but he only says you *shall* go to work."

Tom walked silently away, and Mrs. Price returned to the sitting-room to amuse her young guest, with whom she soon grew quite confidential, and poured out all her grief in regard to Tom.

"But is there nothing that will alter his father's determination?" asked the girl, with much interest.

"Bless you, no. You don't know Aaron Price. He's as stubborn as a mule when he once makes up his mind about anything. Why he said this morning that he wouldn't change his mind if Sarah Jane herself came and told him to."

"I'd like to see her try it," answered Dolly. "I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed so suddenly that Mrs. Price started in surprise. "*I'll* make him let Tom go!"

"You make him!" ejaculated Mrs. Price, aghast at the bare idea of Aaron's being *made* to do anything he did not choose.

"Yes, I!" responded Dolly, stoutly. "I'll tell you how;" and looking around as if fearful of being overheard, she whispered a few earnest words to her companion.

"Law sakes, Dolly Stevens, surely you don't mean it!"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered Dolly, "and we have no time to lose either; so come and help me make my preparations."

Apparently too much astonished for words, Mrs. Price led the way to her "spare room," and they locked themselves in.

On Tom's return he found an early tea ready; and soon after it was finished, as he seemed much fatigued by his journey, his mother suggested that he should go to bed, and be ready to help his father early in the morning.

"Dolly, you must be tired too," she added, turning to the young girl.

"Yes I am," was the answer, "but I will sit here a few minutes longer with you."

So Tom said, "good-night," and took himself off, with just a vague idea that "the women wanted to get him out of the way."

It was quite late when the haymakers returned to find Mrs. Price nodding over the well loaded supper-table. The meal despatched, Mr. Price announced his intention of going at once to bed, being "as tired as a dog," and in a few minutes he was snoring lustily.

His wife having cleared away the remnants of the supper also retired; but not until she had paid a visit to the spare room.

About twelve o'clock something aroused the farmer. What—he could not tell; but he afterwards said, it seemed as though a cold hand was drawn over his face. Sleepily adjusting his pillows, he turned over for another nap; when a sight met his gaze that roused him completely. At the end of the room there was surely a glimmer of light, instead of the pitchy darkness which had been all around but a moment before. He raised himself to discover the cause, but shrank back, as the light, a pale blue unearthly glare increased, and by it he saw his wife, not Jerusha, but the long dead Sarah Jane, standing in the doorway, and looking most reproachfully at him.

"I must be dreaming," he muttered, rubbing his eyes and staring again towards the door, hoping the vision had departed. But no, there it was, even more distinctly than at first, with one hand raised and pointing towards him.

Farmer Price would have felled any man to the ground who had dared call him coward; but somehow there was a most uncomfortable sensation creeping over him just then, and his teeth chattered as he endeavored to speak.

"Jerushy! Jerushy!" he gasped, "wake up!"

But Jerusha slumbered peacefully beside him. The vision seemed approaching. He drew the bed-clothes tightly over his head, and lay trembling until nearly smothered when he ventured to peep cautiously forth once more. Still it stood pointing at him, and wild with horror he shrieked, "What, what do you want? Only tell me! Don't, for pity sakes, come any nearer!" he added, shrinking to the farthest possible corner as the ghostly visitor seemed to advance.

"Aaron!" it said in low, sepulchral tones, "why have you not kept your promise?"

"What promise?" gasped the terrified man. "Oh! don't come any nearer," he again implored.

"The promise you made me on my death-bed that you would ever be kind to our boy. How have you fulfilled it? You see him longing and striving for more knowledge, and you will not give it to him, but treat him harshly when he even ventures to plead with you. I cannot rest quietly in my grave while he is so treated."

"Oh! go back! there's a good woman, and I'll let him learn whatever he pleases," groaned Aaron. "Jerushy, wake up!" and he shook his wife violently.

"Law, Aaron! what's the matter? T'ain't time to get up yet, is it?" sleepily answered his wife.

"See there! Oh, see there!" he whispered, pointing toward the strange apparition. "See Sarah Jane? Oh! don't come any nearer!" he yelled again.

"See Sarah Jane!" said Mrs. Price, deliberately sitting up. "What on airth do you mean, Aaron? I don't see anything of her."

"Don't see anything! Don't see her standing there, all in white, 'pointing at me?" he groaned.

"Why, you must be dreaming, Aaron! How can you fancy anybody is standing there?"

"Because I see her. Oh! don't come any nearer! Tell me what you want, and get along back to your grave, there's a good woman," he entreated once more.

Slowly the vision answered—

"Swear solemnly that you will send Tom to school and college, and treat him kindly. If you refuse, I will haunt you nightly."

"Oh, don't! don't! I swear it," howled the tortured man.

"Swear what, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Price.

"Swear Tom shall go to school and college, if she'll only let me alone," groaned her husband.

"I AM SATISFIED!" announced the vision; and gliding swiftly forward, swept her cold hand over Aaron's face, and disappeared.

With a yell that would have done credit to a wild Indian, Aaron sunk back on his pillow, trembling in every limb.

"For mercy's sake, Aaron Price, what is the matter," exclaimed his wife. "Who are you talking and swearing to?"

For some minutes Aaron was unable to speak, but gradually recovering, related what he had seen and heard.

"Oh, how awful!" sympathized Mrs. Price. "And now to think she'll be coming every night! Oh, dear! I hope I shan't see her."

"*Coming every night!* What do you mean?" demanded the farmer.

"Why, because she said she'd haunt you if you did not send Tom to college;" answered his better half. "And Sarah Jane always did just as she said, ever since we were little girls at school together."

"But I am *going* to send him to college as fast as I can! First to school, and then to college; that's what she said; and I'll send him to a dozen, rather than feel her hand on my face again," was the emphatic reply.

Mrs. Price wisely forbore to express her joy at this determination, but gave her whole attention to calming the shaken nerves of her husband. It was long before she succeeded, but when he was once more asleep, she quietly dressed, and left the room.

The day was now beginning to dawn, and she busied herself with preparations for the morning meal, until she heard Tom coming down stairs.

"Tom, dear," she said, as he entered the kitchen, "please don't mention Dolly's being here, to your father this morning. He hasn't been very well through the night, and will likely not feel very bright when he first gets up. Let it go till to-night."

"Very well, mother," replied Tom, and went about his usual morning work.

Presently Mrs. Price heard her husband moving about the bed-room. "Oh, I wonder if he will really keep his word," she thought, as he entered the kitchen, pale and haggard.

"Tom!" he shouted from the window. "Tom! come here, I want you a minute!" Tom soon appeared.

"Tom," said his father, kindly, "you may go to the village to-day, and order yourself a good suit of clothes. Then go to the minister, and ask him which is the best school to fit you for college, and next week you may begin studying."

Tom's face was worth seeing, though all he could say was, "Thank you, father!"

"Oh, Jerusha!" exclaimed Dolly, an hour later, when the farmer was at work, and Tom on his way to the village. "I never had such work to keep from laughing! When he kept begging me not to come any nearer, and groaning and hiding under the bed-clothes! And then to hear you pretend you couldn't see anything! Oh, it was too good!" and the girl laughed heartily.

"It's well I got used to playing ghost in some of our theatricals last winter, or I never could have frightened him into really believing me Sarah Jane! But he promised Tom, you say," she added, anxiously.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Price, "and I never can be thankful enough to you, Dolly."

Farmer Price looked somewhat closely at his young sister-in-law when he returned from work, and found her helping Jerusha, but attired in a pink muslin, and her face beaming with health and gayety, she did not much resemble the ghostly Sarah Jane, so if he had any suspicions, he prudently kept them to himself, and Tom was sent to school the very next week.

WALES AND HIS WIFE IN ROME.

While I was in an artist's studio, the Prince and Princess of Wales came in, having only one gentleman of their suite with them. The Princess was dressed very simply; a flounced black silk, short skirt, with looped over-skirt and short, loose jacket of black merino, both trimmed l'Anglaise, with white guipure lace over which was black silk fringe. By the way, you can know an English woman everywhere by this peculiarity of dress, the passion they have to trim black silk with white lace, especially in walking dresses. The hat of the Princess was a black velvet with a turn-up brim, a long black feather, and a little stiff, straight, gay peacock sort of a feather at the left side; her hair was turned up off the temples, and she wore a chignon of chatelaine braids in a net; plain gold earrings, and a cherry ribbon around her throat, under the points of the white collar; the ends of the ribbon had a little white lace applique flower on them. Her royal highness had a neat little dark umbrella, which she swung about in a manner that did not seem very elegant to me. But she struck me as being an unaffected, amiable young woman, and even prettier than her pictures, though very like them. The expression of her face is gay and cheerful, and she seems to be extremely well acquainted with her husband; there was a charming freedom and intimacy between them. Once the Prince looked at a photograph hanging in a corner, and said to Harold Jerichau, "Oh, Genoa, to be sure." "No," replied Harold, "Constantinople."

The Prince laughed—went to his wife, touched her on the shoulder, and said loudly: "I say! Just think! I took Constantinople for Genoa!" and both laughed as if it was a good joke.

The Prince not only touched his wife, but spoke much louder to her than others, and this tells the sad story. The pretty, pleasing young woman, is becoming quite deaf; it is hereditary; her mother, the Queen of Denmark, is very deaf. The Princess Alexandria begins, also, to look deaf; she leans forward to catch all that is said, and has a rather vague expression. When she stands—and she rarely sits on such an occasion as yesterday, she throws out her left foot, as if taking one of the dancing positions; the first movement forward or backward which she makes betrays the reason of this, her left knee is stiff, and moves rigidly, without bending. The Prince sits or stands; indeed, he threw himself into a chair twenty times; at least, during the visit. I am not as well up in men's clothes as in women's, still, I will do my best in regard to the Prince's toilet. It seemed as English and deficient in style as his wife's—for really that white lace of hers and provincial cherry neck-tie, with its old style and bad style lace flowers, were very far from being in good taste. Albert Edward's figure is naturally very bad, and as he is quite stout for his years, the form does not grow any better; his long body and short legs look extremely clumsy. He had on a pair of loose gray pantaloons, a loose brownish gray overcoat, brown cloth gaiters, a felt hat with a round crown, narrow brim, and a little cock's feather stuck in the ribbon. His royal highness has a bluff, burly, John Bull look, both in his broad back, heavy short legs, and ruddy, square face; he is a good-natured, kind-hearted looking man. He has lost all appearance of his youth; sits and stands as a middle-aged man; his clothes hang loosely; he spreads out his legs when he sits down, shows the soles of his boots, and seems to seek the comfort of position, which young men never do. He is in excellent spirits, and appears to be having the jolliest sort of respectable domestic frisk, and enjoying it all the more for its novelty.

I noticed when they left that he handed his wife into the carriage in a natural old married-man sort of way, and tucked in her petticoats carefully. The Princess of Wales has a beautiful voice, deep, rich, mellow, and she speaks English with a very attractive accent and nicety of expression.

She is a loveable-looking young woman, and the prince should not find it hard now, after his sowing of wild oats and the new lease of life, to be a good husband with such a sweet, pretty, feminine wife. And the young princess, too, seems so happy and thankful for small favors of the leavings of his love. One thing I observed among the English, when they speak of their prince and his wife, and their future, they show great hopefulness. "Oh yes, they are going to be happy; the prince is over all his nonsense now;" and such remarks they make.—*Rome Correspondence Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A LONG LEAP.—An astonished person is either an object of pity or levity. An instance transpired on a ferry-boat the other day, illustrating surprise as the result of stupidity. The boat was slowly leaving the slip, and as the chains were being thrown off a man rushed down the drop. He gathered himself for a tremendous leap, and springing, landed far upon the deck of the boat. It was as much as a full minute before he could stand erect, and then turning, his comical expression was explained by his words: "Holy Moses, what a leap!" The boat was then some seventy feet out, and he imagined he had leaped the opening.

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WATCHING.

I.

Yes, it will soon be the dawn, dear; the darkness is lingering still,
But I know it is almost the morning, the air is so hushed and so chill.
Can you lie silent no longer? Indeed, if you can, it is best,
For sometimes you sleep towards morning; try to be quiet and rest.

II.

Is it the pain that disturbs you? Your forehead feels hot to my palm.
I hoped that the fever had left you, you lay there so patient and calm,
Is it so hard to bear, dear? I know it is hard, by your smile.
Ah! if I only could take it, and let you be free for a while!

III.

Weary? No, I am not weary; only of seeing you so.
Do not you trouble for me, dear; I rest in the daytime, you know.
Just let me straighten your pillow, and darken the light from your sight;
All I can do is so little, the aid I can give is so slight!

IV.

Yes, I can see at the window, the dawning begins to grow strong,
Though you are always so patient, I know that you find the hours long;
But now that the pain is more easy, while yet the night-silence is deep,
Perhaps you may still get some rest, dear; try to be quiet and sleep.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PERSECUTION.

Although Daisy was disquieted and alarmed, in addition to being disappointed, at seeing Abel Stoke where she had expected to behold her maid Meggy, she instantly called her self-control into play.

She did not betray a sign of the actual fear she felt, but she did not affect to conceal that his coming in such an abrupt way, and evidently unfit condition to appear before her, occasioned her much annoyance. She turned from him with an offended air, and said, in a frigid tone,

"What has brought you here, Abel Stoke?"

"You, miss; only you, miss, as the Lord's my judge," he answered, thickly.

At the same time he stepped across the threshold, and closed the door behind him.

As she heard the click of the lock in the door she turned swiftly, and exclaimed, indignantly—

"You are intruding, Abel. If you desire to speak with me, I will see you by-and-by, in the violet room below. I am busy now."

He shook his head with a short, sharp motion.

"Now's my time, miss," he returned, with a dogged determination in his tone. "His high mightiness, my lord Mark Jarrett, won't interrupt us I know, and the jade Meg has got a tip that will take her for half an hour hunting about the Wood for a stable mouse. So this is my chance to say what I want to say."

"I will not listen to you!" interrupted Daisy, angrily. "Stand out of my way! I will leave the room if you will not. And I—"

"Will go and tell Master Mark," interrupted Abel, in a mocking tone. "No you don't, miss, not until I have had my say, and when you have heard me out—ay, and you shall—you won't be in a very great hurry to do aught o' the sort. You bide quietly here along of me. You have no call to fear me—you—you— The Lord knows if I could shatter my right arm with a bullet to save your little finger from aching I'd do it—ah, ten 'ondred times as much! I'd like to know what I would not do to make you happier than a singing-bird in the blue sky, or a golden butterfly in the bright sunshine."

"Then, if you do not wish to pain, wound, offend me beyond pardon, let me leave the room," she instantly rejoined, with excited earnestness.

"Ayr, you shall, Miss Daisy," he returned, promptly, "when I've had my say; but not afore—not afore."

She turned angrily from him, and walked to the window.

He followed her a pace or two, and proceeded—

"Did you not say, miss, that whoever discovered who you were he would win your everlastin' gratitude?"

She started, half turned towards him, yet, as a sudden troubling thought ran through her mind, she turned from him again, and remained silent.

"You did say so, Miss Daisy," he continued, in an unsteady tone, which was as much the result of inward emotion as of the spirits of which he had been partaking freely. "I ha' known you from a little toddler, scarce able to prattle, an' I ha' never known you deny the truth, or shame it by half a false word. Did you not say what I remind you of?"

She made an effort, and faced him.

"I did," she returned, with a slight tremble in her tone, although she strove to appear calm and collected.

"And didn't I say I would win your everlastin' gratitude, if ever man did," he appended, with a wild gesture of his right arm.

It cost her a wondrous effort to continue to seem self-possessed, but she succeeded, and returned, quietly—

"What have you ascertained?"

"Ah!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hands briskly together, "now we are getting towards a right understandin' between us. Won't you please to be seated, miss?"

"No," she returned, laconically, but not harshly.

Indeed, she was now almost as anxious to listen to, as he was anxious to tell, what he had learned respecting her origin, and he seemed to detect that by the expression of her eyes and mouth.

He made a sort of rustic bow, and with a slight trace of a cunning smile upon his lips, said—

"Shall I go on, then, miss, to tell you what I've picked up?"

"You—you may, Abel," she replied, betraying a little hesitation. "But, remember, I am very much engaged—very much, indeed—and can only spare you a few minutes."

A peculiar expression passed over his features as he gazed boldly and steadfastly, rather than insolently, upon her beautiful features, but he did not give utterance to his thoughts.

He still wore his smart, yet quiet, groom's dress, as when he attended her while out riding; but he had a soft, round, brown felt hat in his hands, which he gripped, and squeezed, and twisted into every variety of distortion while speaking, and it was rather by the uneasy, restless movement of his hands than by his features that he revealed the strong passions that were working within him.

His handsome features, flushed and embrowned, he contrived to keep almost set while speaking, and he though that by so doing he should not betray the undercurrent of desperate intentions working in his brain; but he forgot that if he knew the face of Daisy so well that it was to him a mere tablet of her thoughts, his features were to her a code of signals which she could read and interpret at a glance.

He drew a deep breath, and clearing his voice, commenced his revelations, which in all truth, were startling enough.

"You know I told you, Miss Daisy, that I thought Aunt Joyse Stoke knowed more about you, and how Mark Jarrett got hold of you when you were the sweetest little babby the world ever saw, than any other," he said; "and I promised to get hold of her, and squeeze out of her, by fair means or foul, all she know'd about you. Well, I ha' been in hot search of her—"

"And you have seen her and interrogated her! What did she say?" interrupted Daisy, with undisguised eagerness.

"No, I bain't seen her yet at all," he answered, bluntly.

She turned from him with contracted brows and a vexed air.

"But I done better than that, Miss Daisy," he resumed, with a low laugh. "I got hold o' Martin Stoke—old Stoke—old grandther Stoke, miss—who's another kind o' family chest where the history o' the family be kept in. Well, I got hold of him when he had a fit o' thust on him. An' when he be like that he'll drink, an' drink, an' drink a barr'l dry, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk—how he will talk!"

Abel wiped his mouth and forehead with his handkerchief, implying, though not intentionally, that he, too, had drank and drank, and talked and talked, without having yet recovered from it.

"He was a long time bein' drawed off of what he know'd, miss; but it come at last, trickling at first loike, but with a pour afterwards. He know'd how you came, an' where you was picked up. In fact, he was with Master Mark when you was stole."

Daisy felt her eyesight grown dim, and a sudddon deafness seize her, or at least, a violent clanging in her ears shut out all other sound.

What was now about to be revealed to her?

Something, perhaps, which would enable her to think of Wilfred Rokeby—to look upon him as one whose love she might as an equal dream about, if nothing more—or a communication which should deprive her forever of all but a secret cherished memory.

She could not raise her eyes to the face of Abel, for fear of reading her worst forebodings published there in unmistakable characters; nor could she find voice enough to ask a question. She had sought and questioned the oracle, and now she feared to receive the answer.

"You was stole," resumed Abel, gradually assuming a more familiar tone. "You was stole—you and another—"

"Another," echoed Daisy, faintly.

"Yes, another. There was two of you sure enough—two little pooty babbies—twin babbies, Martin said, he was sure on, for he took 'em away, an' carried 'em to Mark's house. Mark, however, was in a orful rage when he found there was one more than he wanted, so he up an' told Martin to get rid o' the other."

A moan of horror burst from Daisy's lips.

"Not to murder the poor little creature—not to hurt it—not so bad as that; but to take it back to its mother, poor think," rejoined Abel, with an affectation of tender humanity which did not quite belong to him. "You see Mark had looked at you only, and he said it was only you he wanted. So, after a good deal of talking and 'ranging an' managin', the babe was handed over to Aunt Joyse, who carried it somewhere where old Martin says it wur well cared for, an' may be now livin' like you, miss, as a—young lady."

Then he laughed rudely, in a tone which made Daisy's blood run cold. She pressed her hands as she crossed them on her neck, and murmured—

"Did he tell you the name of my parents?"

"No," he replied, promptly and unhesitatingly.

"Not even what they were?" she faltered.

"Well, yes, he told me that," returned Abel, with a bright gleam in his eyes. "He said they mother wur a poor, wretched widow, whose husband had deserted her—a poor beggar, a laborer's wife, an' hersen laborer born."

Daisy staggered back on hearing this cruel statement, and sank on to a chair powerless.

The curtain seemed to be drawn down over Wilfred Rokeby forever—an impenetrable, irremovable black curtain.

"Nay," ejaculated Abel, who was watching her closely while he had been making this painful disclosure. "You need not take on much, miss. You are a great deal better off now than if you had never been stolen at all. Now you are a young lady, in a fine house, with fine rooms to live in, an' your own maid to wait on you, fine horses to ride upon; and you've Abel Stoke—that is I—to act as your groom, though I be better born than you be."

Daisy sprang to her feet—this sounded so like an unqualified insult. Indeed, she instinctively ejaculated, as a flush of color mounted to her forehead, and tears sprang into her eyes—

"This is a rude outrage?"

"Not on my part, Miss Daisy. Don't think that, I prays of you," he instantly rejoined, with unfeigned earnestness. "I ha' been rudely brought up, as you know, miss—always in the kitchen, stable, or on the plantation, but Martin Stoke do say I be well-born—that I be the son of a gentleman, an' one day I shall ha' my own again. One day, Miss Daisy, not far a head, I shall be a gentleman, with houses and lands, able to hold up my head with the best gentry in the country, I hopes I may—I do pray I may—for then who shall hold up their heads higher than you? Not a dainty madam in the land, I swear; for all I ever gets shall be yours. Oh, Miss Daisy, I loves you better than the apple of my eye—better than heart, or soul, or life—better than ought else the world owns! Aye, an' now I knows that you be not a bit better bred than lowest country wench, I will make you my lady, an' the proud people shall bow to you an' smile on you, an' be gracious to you, as if you wur as good as they. An' you shall be, for you shall be my wife, an' I am a gentleman born?"

No doubt Able Stoke believed that he had made a most magnanimous declaration of his passion, and in all probability he entertained something more than a hope that Daisy, dazzled by his right to a position to which it appeared, according to the statement of Martin Stoke, she had no claim, would promptly cast aside the barrier which had hitherto separated them, and in order to retain the position of a lady, accept his offer.

He did not quite believe that she had at any former period entertained for him the same kind of sentiment he had cherished for her, unless she had kept it very closely hidden; but with the vanity of men of his class who have been spoiled by foolish young women in the same station in life, he fancied himself, under the circumstances, a very good catch for Daisy.

It did not occur to him, being rather of an unreflective turn of mind, that for the success of his cause he was untowardly premature in making his declaration at this time to Daisy. As yet he was only a gentleman born, according to the gospel of old Martin Stoke. He was still unacknowledged by, and so far as he could vouch, was absolutely unknown to his gentleman father; his "money, houses, and lands," therefore, were still buried in the confines of Utopia. That is, in the sense in which Sir Thomas More's island existed. Nevertheless, Martin Stoke had said it. Martin Stoke was a fountain of knowledge of a certain kind, and therefore "his rights" were existent, and he meant to have them—some day. There was nothing like taking time by the forelock, and therefore really upon a "hint he spoke."

It was equally premature for him to accept Martin Stoke's statement concerning Daisy as fact, declare it to her as fact, and base his offer to make her "a lady" upon it as if it were a fact. He had but the bare statement of an old man gabbling in drunkenness, and not a tittle of proof to offer Daisy that she might be painfully assured she was very low born.

It was not exactly that she saw he had made a declaration of love, and an offer to make a lady of her upon the veriest hearsay, but that he had humiliated her by an offer of his love. Even had he been lower still than he was, and she a daughter of a duke, it is hardly possible to conceive the distress, the agony, it caused her. She shuddered with a species of convulsive horror, as she fancied Wilfred Rokeby, who had looked the love she was conscious—convinced he felt for her, standing by to hear this man pollute her by the offer of his "houses and lands"—when he got them. Had she known less of Abel Stoke than she did, she might not have felt so utterly mortified, wounded, humiliated; but for him to presume to speak to her as he had done was to subject her to greater degradation than she could have conceived, and would have felt, even if she had been the daughter of a laborer, born in a hut in a village.

It was to her as if an awful cloud had gathered above her, had descended abruptly, and bursting, had blinded her with its lightning, and deafened her with its thunder.

She glided, staggered it might be, to the bell, and pulled it violently. The first three beats of the clapper on the metal had not been succeeded by a fourth ere the door came open with a violent dash, and Meggy Blythedale made her appearance on the threshold.

She glanced at Daisy, and read the despairing, shocked, agonized expression on her face, and she turned fiercely to Abel Stoke.

"Abel!" she ejaculated.

He laughed harshly.

"Ah! Abel," he exclaimed, gutturally and savagely. "We don't want none o' you, Meg. Miss Daisy an' I got some business to settle between ourselves, an' we don't want no third parties."

"Meggy—Meggy—save me from this man!" gasped Daisy, as if suffocating. "I have been so cruelly insulted by him. Make him go away."

Meggy's hands were on Abel's coat collar and cuff in an instant. Red as her face was when she parted company with Mark Jarrett, it was nothing to its hue now.

"Out o' this," she said, in a low but most determined tone.

As she backed him towards the door, he cried, in a low tone, too, but not a little ferociously—

"Let go of me, fool, I'm dangerous."

"So be I," she answered between her teeth; "so be I."

"Let go, or I'll beat you to the ground with my fists," he growled, wrathfully. "Let go your hold, you fool, I say. Don't think you can hold me as if I were that twig Tib you ran after."

And he tried to shake her off. As easily he might have sought to remove a leopard from his throat with a wave of his finger.

"An ounce o' Tib is worth a ton of bad stuff like you," was Meggy's response to his sneer. "Come on. I'll take you to one who shall make you dance without music, except to the tune o' your own yelpin'."

The struggle that ensued was instantly a very severe one, but Meggy's strength was rather startling of its kind, and Abel learned—not the only one who has purchased the lesson—that a well-knit woman's strength, when her blood is up, is something herculean.

"I will kill you," threatened Abel, foaming at the mouth, as he found himself dragged over the threshold.

"So you shall if you can, when Mark Jarrett be done wi' you, you cowardly, creepin', workhouse-born whelp," she hissed, between her teeth. "I knows who you be, though you thinks I don't, but I'll make Muster Mark Jarrett tell'ee *who* 'ee be, an' that 'll make'ee keep in kennel I warr'nt."

Abel Stoke heard every word of this, as if she had been sputtering molten lead in his face. He did not doubt that Daisy heard every word of it too, and would in consequence become sceptical as to his being a gentleman born; if unhappily he had had a pistol in his hand at the moment, and full control of it, it would have gone hardly with the stout-hearted Meggy's life and his own future prospects. But he was not armed, and Meggy had him and held him at 'vantage.

In vain he grated his teeth, gnashed them, swore horribly in an undertone, struggled with all the strength he could exert, he could not shake off Meggy. They proceeded together down the corridor—slowly, it is true, and describing circles, as it is the nature of wrestlers to do; but they moved down it until they reached a flight of stairs.

This flight was certainly a "flight," for they descended like a flash of lightning, Abel arriving on the thick maroon sheepskin mat at the bottom on his back, and Meggy's knees well on his chest.

For an instant they separated, for Meggy was nimbly to her feet again, and as Abel gathered himself up she fastened upon him without a moment's pause.

The passion of Abel now became a species of delirium.

"Take your claws from me, you wild cat," he shouted, furiously. "Enough's done. Let go, let go. I'll throttle you, I'll twist your guilet, if I swing for you."

"Bimeby, you brawlin' cur—bimeby," responded Meggy, in her resolute, determined tones. "You ain't strong enough now. My tug's stronger 'an yours—I don't swill, an' get drunk—an' my pull will last yourn out. Come 'long! Insult my Miss Daisy—my poor, dear child, Miss Daisy! You insult her wi' that barn-door rag o' yourn! Wait till Muster Mark Jarrett's done wi' ye! If I don't get 'nough hair off your poll to stuff a pillow wi', an' play scratch-cradle wi' your bacourin' mug, my name bain't Meg Blythedale. Agh! you scurvy fox, you sneakin' varmin', to frighten that sweet flower in your beastly drink! Come on! I'd haul you in to Muster Mark if you was five times as big, an' six times as ugly!"

Meggy kept her word, although there was another long corridor to traverse, at the end of which was the door which led into the semi-library of Mark Jarrett.

Abel struggled with fierce desperation, for he was sufficiently sobered now to remember that Martin Stoke, his grandfather, had not made his disclosures until after he had extorted an oath from him never to reveal them until he gave him permission; and it was impossible for him, in this distracting moment, to surmise what his recent indiscretion—to call it by its mildest name—would involve, if it were to be communicated to Mark Jarrett. So he strove to throw Meggy to the ground, that he might take ignominious flight; he exerted himself to the utmost to wrench himself from her powerful grasp—but all in vain. Mark Jarrett's door flew open with a crash, as Meggy threw herself against it, and she tottered and swayed into the room, hauling the delinquent in with great clamor, to the unequivocal astonishment of Mark Jarrett, who was seated at a library table, writing.

Of course, he looked up, utterly amazed by the uproar and the sight presented to him? but the impetuosity of his nature prevented him receiving this riotous intrusion with a demeanor in any degree approaching urbanity.

He at once hurried to a corner of the apartment, and caught up a thick hunting-whip. Then he turned to Meggy, who was glowing like a Red Indian, and to Abel, whose face was as sallow as an amber-bowl, and demanded the meaning of this disorderly obtrusion.

Trust Meggy for being the first to open tongue.

Before Abel could recover breath to articulate a word, Mark Jarrett had learned that, hearing her mistress's bell ring violently, she had hurried to her apartment, and found her all but fainting, and with tears in her eyes, at something scandalous which Abel had been saying to her.

"I never seed her so cut up afore by anything any measly whelp ever said to her, 'an she's taken a good deal to heart some o' your hard, spiteful talk, Muster Mark, more shame for you," screamed Meggy, at a rattling pace; "but I never saw her sweet, dear face so troubled, so shamed, so grievous, as it looked when she said to me, 'Meggy, Meggy, save me from this man!' I wanted to hear no more, Muster Mark. That wur enough for me. I nipped the stinkin' stoat by his collar, an' brought 'un here to you. Bad as you be, I knows any one as tries to injure Miss Daisy 'ool tread on your toes."

There came a bright red band across the forehead of Mark Jarrett, and his eyes gleamed like a couple of stars on a moonless night in deep winter. He, too, gripped Abel by the collar, and in a low, guttural voice, which betokened intense inward wrath, he muttered, rather than said—

"You grovelling wretch, of what infamy have you been guilty? Speak, before I beat your face in with the crop of my whip! What insult have you offered to my Daisy?"

Abel made a violent effort, and twisting himself like a worm on a hook, wrested himself from Mark Jarrett's grasp, and making for a chair, he seized it, and brandished it in the air as a weapon of defence. He cried, thickly and passionately—

"It be lies—it be cursed lies! I never offended or put wrong to Miss Daisy. It be the devil's own lies! I'd do ought in the world for Miss Daisy. I'd work for her, slave for her, fight for her, die for her! Insult her! I, Abel Stoke, insult Miss Daisy! I—I—why I love the ground she steps on—the air she moves in. I ha' often picked the grass her foot have pressed, the leaves her dress have touched. I've worn till it's withered the flower her finger have had a hold on. I insult Miss Daisy! I love her too much!"

"You!" ejaculated Mark Jarrett, with withering scorn, biting his nether lip.

"Aye, me! She moight ha' the love o' a worse man than Abel Stoke, he exclaimed, insolently.

"Meggy snapped her fingers, and cried, contemptuously—

"Who?"

"And I suppose you told her this?" responded Mark Jarrett, taking a firmer grip of the handle of his whip.

"Why not?" replied Abel, defiantly, casting, in his excitement, all discretion to the winds. "I knows she be only the brat of a hedger and ditcher, an' I be a gentleman born."

Meggy screamed, and felt her nails elongate.

"Liar!" cried Mark Jarrett, with fierce wrath, as he gave Abel Stoke a fearful lash across the face, for the moment quite blinding him. "My Daisy is a lady of a hundred descents. You—you—you are the son of Joyse Stoke. Go and ask from her the name of your gentleman father!"

He strode to the bell, and pulled it as if he would break the wire. The summons was responded to by two or three men servants. Mark Jarrett always had a number of men-servants within his beck and call. He pointed to Abel, who, with his hands to his watering eyes, was staggering about in intense pain. He said, sternly—

"Turn him out of the house, and drive him off the grounds. Do not on any account let him enter again."

"I don't care!" roared Abel, foaming at the mouth with rage and agony. "I'll be revenged on you, Mark Jarrett, if it cost me my life!"

"Attend me to your mistress's chamber, girl," exclaimed Mark Jarrett, without heeding him, and quitted the room with a hasty step.

Meggy followed him, with a chuckle as she passed Abel Stoke.

"Got your change, lurcher?" she sneered.

No incident intervened during their progress to Daisy's suite of apartments; but it was not without much alarm and painful foreboding that they discovered the rooms vacant on arriving there.

Daisy was gone. She had not left a note—a strip of paper, with two or three words on it—a sign to indicate whither she had departed, or would ever return.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRESH GAME STARTED.

It took a week or more to restore to Wil Rokeby sufficient "protoplasm" to counterbalance the quantity extorted from him by his struggle in the Kennet, to save the life of the beautiful young creature, whom he had not for an instant a single doubt was Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

At first his exhaustion was excessive, and this was followed by the usual fever, during which he had a firm conviction that he had seen Daisy's large, deep, intense, lustrous eyes bending over him, and looking lovingly into his, and her small, sweet lips smiling upon him, parting, and uttering soft words, low and silvery, like a peal from hyacinth bells.

Gradually, in some strange way—he was unable to decide how—the dear face merged into one scarcely less dear to him, and one which, in the brightness of its fresh youth, could have been hardly less beautiful—his mother's.

Until he had strength enough to leave his bed, and take exercise in the open air, to receive the congratulations of the family beneath whose roof he was staying—especially the two young ladies who had, by whipping up their ponies to a mad gallop on seeing his critical position, and shrieking at the top of their lungs, procured him successful assistance—he did not permit the name of Daisy to cross his lips.

He had satisfied himself, at the very earliest moment he was able to express a coherent thought, that the young lady he had rescued was out of all danger; and after that, he quietly waited until she should be brought to him in person, to prove she had escaped with life, and what her impression of his gallantry might be.

But he waited unsuccessfully. He was too well-bred, and inwardly too much mortified, to make any remark concerning her to people to whom he believed that, equally with himself, she was a stranger; and it was not until he found himself on the eve of returning to London with his mother that he gave speech to his incessant thought, and then because he could no longer restrain utterance to it.

As he sat alone with Mrs. Rokeby on the eve of departure, he remarked abruptly to her, and in a petulant tone—

"I suppose the young lady whom I had the good fortune to snatch from a watery grave is able to quit her room?"

"Oh, yes; she has left it some days, Wil," she returned, gazing fondly on his face, which looked spiritually handsome after his immersion.

"And can move about—without crutches?" he said, with something like a snarl.

"Certainly," replied his mother, slightly elevating her eyebrows. "I had one glimpse of her back as she walked across the lawn, and she appeared to walk tolerably well—a little feebly, perhaps, but there was no need of crutches."

And she laughed.

Wil did not. He bit his lip and contracted his brows.

"I wonder that I have not been honored with an intimation that she is, as I have been sufficiently convalescent to receive congratulations on her peculiarly narrow escape from the land of shadows," he said, sarcastically. "*I* thought it was all up with us, if she did not."

"It is a little strange," mused his mother.

"I suppose that ungracious and ungrateful beast, Mark Jarrett, is at the bottom of it," he ejaculated, meditatively. "I have a very great mind to communicate somehow to her that I am in a condition to offer congratulations, if she is disposed to condescend to receive them," he appended, with an irritable bitterness which rather amused, as well as surprised, Mrs. Rokeby.

"The young lady left this place some days since," she returned. "Her father—I assume he was such—pleaded urgent matters, which compelled him and his charge to leave before she had scarcely strength for a journey."

"Gone!" cried Wil, springing to his feet. "Where?"

"I do not know, nor any one else here, I imagine," answered his mother.

"They left no name behind them, of course?" he exclaimed, sneeringly.

"They did not," replied Mrs. Rokeby, calmly. "They had, I know, some secret reason for their reticence."

"Bah!" cried Wil, with a tempestuous wave of the hand. "A subterfuge!"

"Not at all," rejoined his mother, quickly and decisively. "They had one who moves in a position too high and unimpeachable to vouch for them, to suppose for an instant they had need to resort to an artifice or trick of any kind."

"Who is the high and unimpeachable—nobleman, of course—who steps forward to vouch for Mark Jarrett?" demanded Wil, angrily and scoffingly.

"Mark Jarrett! Absurd!" she returned, a little bewildered. "The nobleman—for he is such—to whom I alluded is Lord Belvoir, and he is not likely to submit himself as a reference for Mark Jarrett."

Wil paced the room with long strides and hasty steps. At length he paused, and placed himself before his mother.

"Mother," he exclaimed, in a stern voice, "there is always something wrong in ambiguity and concealment. If Lord Belvoir is the man of supreme and unblemished character you declare him to be, why the mystery about him? My father seems to hold him in angry abhorrence. Why! Who is he?"

Mrs. Rokeby rose up from her seat with a dignified air, and said, half sadly—

"I can scarcely expect you, Wil, to have unreasoning faith in me, when he who of all men under heaven should hold it fast and firmly, falters. I repeat to you that the honor and the high principle of Lord Belvoir are unimpeachable. A mystery with which we are all connected compels him to act and move in a mysterious way, and me to keep closely hidden his as well as my secret."

"Your secret!" ejaculated Wil, with a mystified look.

"It comprehends the unhappy fate of one very dear to me, and may be to you one day," replied his mother, with a deep sigh. "But in order that you may not, at least, interfere unnecessarily, and obstruct what I am sure, if you knew all, you would strive to advance, I will reveal to you that Lord Belvoir is my cousin."

"I hate cousins!" cried Wil, impetuously.

"What, your Cousin Gabrielle? Oh fie, Wil," rejoined his mother, with a silvery laugh.

Wil swung round on one foot, and promenaded up and down the room, as if practising for a pedestrian feat of seven miles within the hour. Something very like an oath trembled on his lips if it did not escape them.

"Lord Belvoir is the son of my father's brother," pursued his mother, in a clear, ringing, elevated tone; "to whom the honor of the house of Rokeby is as dear as his own."

Wil stopped short, and hurrying to his mother, he flung his arms about her, and kissed her fondly.

"Pity and pardon my miserable impatience, dearest mother!" he exclaimed, with emotion.

"My own Willy," she responded, as she returned his kiss with passionate tenderness.

"The fact is, my dear mother," he exclaimed, restively, "we all seem to be wandering blindly through a tortuous maze of thorny avenues, and we shall never escape from them, unless some one strikes a clue to a path that will prove a key to the whole, and I have made up my mind to devote myself to the work."

"Do you conceive what the ultimate aim and object of all engaged in the mystery and the unravelling of the entanglement is?" interrogated his mother, eagerly.

"As far as I have been able to gather from a few facts, and to construct a theory, it is this," he returned, pressing his temples with both his hands, as if to make himself think more clearly. "The Earl of Templecombe is dead, and has left behind him an heir-at-law. Who is that heir?"

"Aye!" ejaculated his mother, as if he had put to her a problem impossible of solution.

"The late earl had twin sons, said to have perished by violence—one, your brother-in-law, who left two daughters, one supposed to be Gabrielle, hitherto known to me as a cousin. The two sons supposed dead are said to be alive—both."

His mother nodded her head assentingly.

"If so, the one proved to be the elder inherits both title and estates," continued Wil, still speaking as if thinking. "Now, the points to be discovered beyond the possibility of refutation are to me these: first, to determine the heir-at-law: secondly, to find the female twins of your sister"—Mrs. Rokeby turned partly from him—"and Gray Luttrell, the son of the Earl of Templecombe, and as it may turn out, the heir-at-law; and thirdly, to reconcile, reunite all who have been parted by animosities and quarrels, and so build up the fabric, which now lies a despised and disfigured ruin on the ground. I am right in these generalities, am I not?"

"You are, Wil, my dear boy," she exclaimed, in a somewhat perplexed tone. "But what do you, who really know nothing of the esoteric details of this mystery, propose to do."

"While you, or rather my father, is engaged in bringing Gray or Guy Luttrell, or both, to life, I shall be following up a clue which will prove who is the elder. When that is done, I mean to make a search for the missing twins, and perhaps to find out who in reality my *pseudo* cousin Gabrielle is—for that *she* is one of the twin Luttrells I do not believe."

"That she is not I could almost surely swear," appended his mother, with emphasis.

"But," he asked, with startling suddenness, "have you an idea of any one whom you have seen who may be? Have you met with a face that struck you—a being who raised an impression—"

"I have," interposed his mother, lifting her hand as if to repress his torrent of speech. "Look me in my face, and tell me whether you have."

He gazed at her yet beautiful countenance with expanded eyelids—his eyes ran scrutinizingly, searchingly, over every lineament.

Presently, he receded a pace or two, and ejaculated—

"Great heaven! Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

His mother regarded him with a delighted yet triumphant smile.

"I felt sure that my eyes, my judgment, my power of perception, had not failed me," she exclaimed, somewhat excitedly. "Wil, my sister Fay was one of the loveliest girls creation ever knew. When first I looked upon the young, sweet face, sent to rival me thwart me, humiliate me, as I believed, it flashed upon me like some bright angel countenance I had seen in a picture or in a dream. Only by degrees has the resemblance to my lamented Fay dawned upon me; but when last I beheld it I no longer doubted it. Yet, to my dismay, and confusion, when discovering her accidentally at the opera, I made my way to her, and addressed her, almost beside myself with gratefulness and joy, she disowned me, denied me—said that she knew me not. Oh, Wil, if you can imagine the bitterness of feeling I experienced in that moment, you would indeed have pitied me."

"This appears impossible!" he ejaculated, in a mystified tone.

"It is true," she responded, emphatically.

"But she was here—you saw her! Why did you not seek from her an explanation of her extraordinary behavior?" he demanded, in a tone of vexed disappointment.

"No, she has not been here," replied his mother, looking at him with surprise.

"Of course she has been here" he returned, impatiently. "Why, it was she whom I saved from the river yonder."

"She! Whom?" interrogated his mother, quite bewildered.

"Whom he repeated, with feverish impetuosity. "Who, but Mark Jarrett's Daisy?"

"Indeed, my Wil, you are in error. Your mind has scarcely recovered its proper tone," she returned, gazing at him anxiously.

He swung himself round, and whisked himself about the room rather extravagantly.

Then he returned to her, and speaking in measured, emphatic words, rapping the palm of his left hand with the back of his right at almost every word he said—

"I saw Mark Jarrett's Daisy at Templecombe church—not for the first time of seeing her scraph face—nor second—third—fourth—"

"Proceed without exaggeration, Willy," interposed his mother, more with a view of calming than interrupting him.

"Pray hear me," he rather shouted, "I say her face is as well known to me as—as—as yours. Leaving Templecombe churchyard I saw her—mounted on her horse—and alone—I followed her. I saw the brute on which she was mounted bolt with her. I followed in pursuit, never lost sight of her, and when the beast on which I was mounted refused to face the water I swam to her, took her—Mark Jarrett's Daisy's in my arms; had her face—Mark Jarrett's Daisy's face—close to my own, close enough to—well, very close. I had her hand—Mark Jarrett's Daisy's hand—in mine when she came to life again, and I was looking—staring, perhaps—in her face—Mark Jarrett's Daisy's sweet countenance—when recollection left me. There, now, will you tell me that Mark Jarrett's Daisy was not here?"

Mrs. Rokeby in her turn was bewildered.

"You must in some most extraordinary way have deceived yourself," she returned, evidently quite perplexed. "I saw Lord Belvoir here. He knows that you saved the life of the young lady who is the daughter or ward—I know not which—of a most intimate friend of his, who is not Mark Jarrett, for that man is known to him, and he is at mortal enmity with him. If the young lady you had saved had really been Mark Jarrett's Daisy, Lord Belvoir would have been the very first to have communicated the fact to me. As it was, he requested me to convey to you his thanks for your brave deed; but there was a curious brevity and reserve about the affair which I could not understand. It seemed to me that he had received a message which was curt, and scant of thanks, and he did not know how to deliver it."

"For the reason, perhaps, that she was Mark Jarrett's Daisy," suggested Wil.

Mrs. Rokeby shook her head doubtfully.

"It is *not* for that reason, of that I am convinced," she returned, reflectively. "It may, however, be for another, which is possibly of importance for you to know. I will question Lord Belvoir respecting it."

"Cousin Belvoir," ejaculated Wil, with a kind of angry serious laugh. "One thing, however, to satisfy myself, I beg of you to do. It is the offspring of a sudden thought, this moment flashing through my mind. I think it is only a natural desire that I should ascertain the name of the young lady whom I have saved, since you say that she is not—and that you are quite positive she is not—Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

"Quite natural, Wil," rejoined his mother.

"You no doubt believe that Lord Belvoir can obtain it for me," he proceeded, with a curious expression on his face.

"Not the least doubt in the world," she answered, readily.

"Will you kindly oblige me by requesting him to give it me?" pressed Wil, with some earnestness.

"Most willingly, but to what good if the lady shrinks from you?" demanded his mother, with a smile.

"In the first place," he rejoined, smiling responsively, "because under the circumstances, I should like to ask to be permitted to thank her for the honor of being suffered to save her. In the second, because I wish to surprise, amaze, astound, overwhelm you with astonishment."

"How!" she asked, slightly elevating her shoulders.

"For this supreme reason," he returned. "You know that I saw the young lady of whom we are speaking very closely—nay, her face was on my shoulder, her eyes, her lips within three inches of mine, and I was thus able to peruse, note, assure myself of the form of each exquisite feature. I came to my own conclusions: but you insist that those conclusions were erroneous. Now, mother, O my mother dear, mark me; if the young lady whom I saved be not Mark Jarrett's Daisy she is that other twin, whom it will be our business to search for."

Mrs. Rokeby fairly screamed. She raised her fingers to her temples. She thought of the fearful ride on the brink of the sand-pit; she thought of the meeting at the opera.

"Wil, my love, my boy," she cried, clasping her hands, "you have struck the vulnerable point in the mystery, I feel assured. It must be so—nay, I feel it is. I

will seek Lord Belvoir instantly, and if I should prove your surmise to be correct, we are nearer the goal we are all striving to reach than I could have hoped for."

After this exciting communing they prepared to return to London; but Wil was abruptly induced to alter his purpose, for while he was being assisted in his preparations to depart by his little man Tib, he said to him, as the result of a vein of thought traversing his brain.

"Tib, did you ever hear the name of Blythedale?"

Tib looked up at him as if he had asked him whether he had seen the moon, or had observed the sun in the sky, during his life. He therefore laughed as it were derisively.

"I blev' so, sir," he returned. Why, my own ain't more familiar to me."

"How's that?" inquired Wil, unconsciously and innocently.

"Why, lor, sir, ha' you already forgotten that young party as is maid to Miss Daisy—Mark Jarrett's Daisy, sir, saving your presence?" he responded, with a slight cough. "Her name be Meggy Blythedale."

"Good heavens!" cried Wil, jumping to his feet, "I had forgotten that. Tib, did you know one Phillis Blythedale, of Malton, Derbyshire?"

Tib laughed.

"She be my young party's grandmother," was the answer.

"Do you know where she lives?" interrogated Wil, rapidly.

"I do well, sir."

"Then there will we go to-night."

And for Malton, in Derbyshire, Wil, accompanied by Tib, set out that very night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow.

BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

You have often asked me, friend, why I have never married—why I have preferred to drag out a lonely existence between my office and my lecture-room, and in journeying from one sick bed to another, returning late and weary to a home which is a home only in name. For at my board sits no fond wife or loving child. No joyous welcome awaits me when I return at night to the lonely rooms where light and warmth are the only attractions to lure me hitherward. You have often said that I was born to be the head of the household, the husband of some good and loving woman, the parent, guide and controller of a group of merry boys or fair-faced girls. You have sometimes asked me why I have so belied my destiny, why it is that I live the dreary life of an old bachelor and I have till now evaded the question. But to-night, as we parted for the last time probably on this earth, my conscience smote me for the reticence, the painful shrinking from the subject of my past life, that has led me to lock from you and your true sympathy the story of my past joys and present sorrows. Such reticence, such seeming lack of confidence, is, I confess, the deepest sin against friendship, and the tale I have to tell can harm none living by the telling. Take, therefore, the secret of my past life—take it as you would receive a parting gift from the hand of a dying man—for you and I, old friend, are henceforth to be as those between whom yawns the gulf of death. We may still keep our olden friendship, still remember the pleasant hours we have spent together in the past, but we shall never look on each other's face any more in this world.

There are some sorrows of which it is not well to speak. Some griefs are like an amputation (pardon the professional nature of my simile,) sharp in their agony, terrible in their effects, rending from our existence some cherished portion without which we, in the first moment of our anguish, deem we can scarcely live. But the pain dies away and the wound heals over, and, though there remains the unutterable loss that nothing on earth can ever supply, still the fierce, sharp agony is allayed, and life, ay, and happiness too, is once more possible to us. But there are other woes that, like a hidden cancer, grow and poison our being at its very source whose dull, constant pain pervades our every thought and word and action, and to which no loving hand can apply a soothing balm, to which no skillful physician can ever bring relief or healing. Such has been the sorrow which poisoned my existence, which robbed life's salt of its savor, and left me to drag out my lonely days in weariness and wretchedness.

To-night I mean to prove if it is "truth the poet sings"—

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

The "tempo felice" was not so very long ago.

It is now just six years since I first became engaged to Helen Stewart. She was considered the great prize in the matrimonial market of New York that season, and there were many to envy me when our engagement was announced. I was a young army surgeon then, with nothing in the world to rely upon but my pay and my future practice, and Helen was a wealthy heiress, an orphan without brother or sister, a beauty, a belle, and—utterly alone in the world. She lived with her only surviving relative, her father's sister, a Mrs. Alleyne, who was very fond of Helen, and very proud of her beauty and her heiress-ship, but who lacked all power of appreciating the noble qualities of her heart and intellect. I know now why it was that Helen turned from all the many brilliant alliances which were offered for her acceptance, and rejected gray-headed millionaires, blond moustached fops, courtly titled foreigners and handsome society beaux, to accept the most ineligible *parti* amongst them all—namely, myself. She saw how well I loved her, and she gave her true woman's heart in exchange for mine. There were some lines of Mrs. Browning which she was fond of quoting to me when I, in true humility, marveled how I had ever been so fortunate as to win her love, and professed myself unworthy (as indeed I truly felt) of my great happiness and of her tender devotion:

Thou art worthy
Of my loving, for thou lov'st me.
Thou art worthy as a king.

I can truly say, now that all is past and over, that I never once thought of Helen's fortune as an ingredient in my cup of perfect rejoicing in those days. I knew that she was wealthy, and I was glad to think that my darling could still possess all the luxuries she so appreciated and adorned so well; but I loved her too passionately, too perfectly, ever to care whether she was rich or poor. I loved to see her attired in all the costly elegance of her French toilettes, and it made me very happy to think that she need not diminish her orders to Paris by one single ribbon on account of her love for me. I could not, it is true, give her diamonds, India shawls, Russian-sable furs, superb equipages, a house on Fifth Avenue and a villa at Newport; but it gladdened my heart to its very core to think that she could possess and enjoy all these things. I should have preferred, it is true, to be their bestower, but since that could not be, I could rejoice that they were hers, and I was content.

Ah that "tempo felice!" how bright it was, how brief, how fair! Our engagement took place late in the spring: we were to be married early in the following winter, and we spent the intervening summer at Mrs. Alleyne's country-seat on the Hudson, a wild, rambling sort of an old house, buried in a grove of great forest trees, and with delicious rural walks and drives in every direction. I could fill pages with the details of what happened during that long, lovely, blissful summer, but I pause. I will not tell you, for you can well imagine, the history of those happy days, of the long walks, the longer drives, the whispered conversations, the stolen kisses—all the sweet folly, the divine childishness, of perfect mutual love. Sometimes the memory of certain scenes comes back to sting me with a pang like a poisoned stab. Thus do I recall one lovely evening, when, sitting on the piazza after an unusually long ramble, Helen's rich dark hair became loosened from its fastenings in some way, whereupon she pulled the whole superstructure down to show me, as she said, how it was constructed. As she sat there with her unbound tresses floating around her, her large soft blue-gray eyes sparkling with mirthful light, and her mobile mouth dimpling with laughter, she looked like the very impersonation of health and radiant happiness. She attempted to teach me the art of weaving what she called a Grecian braid, and on my failing to accomplish the task, which I did in a very signal manner, she laughed at me most mercilessly, and declared that she had always said it was harder to be a hairdresser than a doctor. We talked an indescribable quantity of nonsense on the occasion, and were as foolishly joyous, as carelessly happy, as two children—happier even than was ever the sunniest childhood, for the divinest gladness of maturer years was ours, the bliss of happy love.

I recollect such hours as these, such moments of careless, unrestrained joyousness, with more pain than I do those quieter hours of intellectual companionship when Helen and I read together or talked over the works of our favorite authors, or sat side by side in silent delight drinking in the grand harmonies of Mozart, Meyerbeer or Beethoven, while our friends chattered around us, and wondered at the mute absorption of our enjoyment. For my brain yet lives, and I can still appreciate a noble poem or a strain of exquisite music, but my heart is dead to gladness, for joy died within it of starvation, long, long ago!

We returned to the city in October, and Helen was at once plunged into the vortex of preparation for our marriage. Her trousseau was to be sent from Paris, so that I was not tormented by having to dispute her sweet companionship with seamstresses and dressmakers; but her house was to be chosen, the furniture purchased, and a thousand other things claimed her attention and shared her hours with me. But the evenings, with rare exceptions, were all our own, and we usually spent them in Mrs. Alleyne's cozy little library—a library rich in low bookcases, bronzes, busts and soft reading-chairs, but guiltless of books, as I discovered one day, when, not finding Helen at home, I sought to while away the lagging moments till she should return, and opening one of the elegant book-cases aforesaid in search of a book, found nothing therein but a chaos of old newspapers, a good deal of dust and a stray volume of a cheap edition of Hume's History of England. I sometimes sit and look round on the dingy walls of my office, where the lamplight reveals only the dusky binnings of innumerable volumes of medical works, and then, closing my eyes, I summon up a vision of the bright little library wherein so many of the happiest hours of my life were passed. I see again the glow of the grate fire shining warmly on the Barbedienne bronzes, the busts of Byron, Scott, Shakespeare and Milton; I can recall the very shade and pattern of the soft green carpet, every curve and tendril in the carved work that ornamented the chairs; and I behold once more my fair sweet love, with her great shining eyes and soft dark hair and lovely face. I note, as I used to do, every detail about her dainty costume, the pattern of her laces, the device of her jewels, the flow and color of her robe, and then I wait and listen in vain for the sound of her voice or the rustle of her dress, and I wake, alone, desolate and most miserable.

I have often thought, in these sad later days, that we loved each other all the more, and reveled more fully in our happiness than betrothed lovers usually do, from the fact that neither of us had any one else on earth who loved us devotedly. I was never a favorite with the half-brothers and sisters who were my sole surviving relatives, and Helen, as I have before said, had no living relative except Mrs. Alleyne. She loved her niece, indeed, as well as it was possible for her to love anything, but that was not in an excessive degree. Her nature was essentially a shallow one, and when she poured forth the full tide of its affection the result was not a mighty flood, but a very mild sprinkling. She was devoted to Society, and spent her days in fulfilling its duties and seeking for its pleasures; and Helen had rather weakened her fondness for her by her misplaced attachment to myself. So Helen and I were all the world to each other—a fact that we fully realized, and one which only intensified our mutual happiness. All that life had given us of hope and love and joy we embarked in this one great venture, and the result was shipwreck and ruin.

Four years before I met Helen her father had died very suddenly of congestion of the brain, during a journey which he had taken with a view to benefit his failing health, and Helen had lost her mother a few months after her birth. Mrs. Stewart had been an English girl, whom Mr. Stewart had met whilst travelling in Europe, and whom he had married after a very brief courtship. This much he had learned from her aunt, for her father had never spoken to her of her mother, and once, when she ventured to question him respecting her, he had sternly forbidden her ever to mention the subject to him again. Helen was just fifteen when he died: he had been a loving and tender parent to her, and she was fond of talking about him to me, and of recalling his many acts of affection and kindness. She said, however, that he was a man of a taciturn and gloomy temperament: he conversed but little, smiled rarely, and avoided society as much as possible. With the romantic ideas natural to her youth, Helen attributed these peculiarities of his nature to the effect produced by the early death of his young wife. Certain it is, that he had never sought to fill her place, but had lavished all the tenderness of his nature upon his daughter, though the wealthy widower would have proved no unwelcome suitor had he gone forth among the New York belles in the guise of a wooer.

One stormy night, early in November, I sat as usual in the library with Helen. A sparkling fire shone in the grate, and contested with the shaded flame of the drop-light for the honor of illuminating the room. The scent of a bouquet of hot-house flowers, which was placed in a vase on one of the side-tables, pervaded the air. I never breathe that peculiar blended fragrance of tuberoses, geranium, and heliotrope without remembering that evening in all its minutest details; but upon these I will not dwell. I have wearied you already with the story of my sorrowful remembrances, and so will hasten from the contemplation of those last moments of "il tempo felice" to the story of the "miseria" that was so soon to follow.

Our interview that evening was less cheerful than usual. I was compelled to go to St. Louis to attend to some business connected with a small property which I had inherited a few years before. It was our first parting, and, though I had expected to be absent only a fortnight at the farthest, the very fact that we were about to be separated depressed the spirits of both of us, and we were unusually grave and comparatively taciturn. We had discussed all questions relative to my proposed trip, and as I was to leave in the midnight train that very evening, we had settled about our correspondence, the date of my return, etc., and a silence fell upon us—a silence which Helen soon broke by saying abruptly, "Do you know, Walter, I begin to fear that I am going to have an attack of illness?"

I looked at her rose-tinted cheek and sparkling eyes and smiled: "You look the very picture of health, darling. But tell me your symptoms, and let me prescribe for you. I am afraid you have not proper confidence in my medical skill."

"Well, I can scarcely define what ails me. I feel perfectly well in almost all respects, but I cannot sleep at night. I get so wide awake and so restless that I cannot even lie quietly in bed. I literally have not closed my eyes for three nights past."

"You are nervous, Helen. Stop drinking coffee and—"

"But that is not all," she interrupted quickly. "I get the strangest fancies about things. There is a bow window with long, thick curtains in my bed-room. I imagine that there is some one standing behind those curtains, and I can picture the appearance quite vividly to my mind. Last night I got it into my head that there was behind the curtain a tall, thin, black woman, dressed all in black, and with nothing living about her face but her great glittering eyes and grinning white teeth. I had to get up, draw back the curtains, and set a light in the window, to get rid of that horrid black image, and to convince myself that there was nothing there. And then my head burns so at times!"

I passed my hand lightly over her white forehead. It was perfectly cool. I took her wrist in my hand and counted the vibrations of her pulse; they were regular, even, and healthful. "You are only excited and nervous, Helen. Thank heaven! you will be my wife in six weeks' time, and then I can carry you off to some quiet place, where you can rest and get over all your fatigue and anxiety. Here"—and I took out my pencil and wrote a prescription for a simple composing draught—"take this at night, drink no more strong coffee, stop reading sensational novels, and I promise you that you will be troubled by no more sleepless nights or strange fancies."

She took the prescription, and looked at it with a pretty, puzzled air of feigned perplexity.

"How do I know but what you mean to poison me, sir? What is the meaning of all these curves and curls and dashes? If you write to me in this mystic language, how am I ever to read your letters?"

"The nearest apothecary could act as interpreter," I said, laughing. "How many letters are you to write me per diem? I am to send you two daily, I believe."

"Oh, that reminds me of something!" She went to the library-table, opened a drawer, and took out a very handsome, substantial-looking writing-case covered with Russian leather. "I put this case here this morning in order to give it to you, and I came very near forgetting it. It was my father's constant travelling companion; it was in his trunk when he started on that journey from whence he never returned alive, and I thought that I would like to have you use it during this our first separation. See!" she continued, evading my expressions of gratitude and pleasure, "it is finished and fitted up in very superior style, for he had it made to order in England."

She came and perched herself on the arm of my chair to exhibit to me the various articles with which the case was stocked and the convenient nature of its different compartments. In one place there was a good-sized blotting-book, but some sticky substance, such as gum, mucilage, or paste, had evidently been spilled over it, as the edges of the leaves were stuck firmly together, and stains of the accident were visible on the cover. Helen took up a paper-knife and attempted to separate the leaves, but succeeded only in tearing one or two.

"Wait!" she said, "I have thought of something."

She rang the bell, and ordered the servant to bring her a bowl of hot water and a sponge. This done, she applied herself seriously to the task of cleaning and renovating the blotting-book.

"Do not take so much trouble, Helen dearest," I said; "I can leave out the blotting-book."

"No, that will spoil the case," she answered, applying herself to her task with a sort of excited energy which surprised me. However, I said no more, and a few vigorous applications of the wet sponge soon produced a visible result. Leaf after leaf of the thick blotting-paper was detached, and between them we discovered more than one relic of the last days of Mr. Stewart's life. The gum which had drenched the cover and edges of the blotting-paper had evidently been overturned in the confusion incidental to his sudden seizure, for we found there one or two cards with pencilled memoranda of engagements, a half-finished note, a washing-list, and one or two dried flowers, plucked probably during his last rambles. These discoveries aroused Helen's interest to an almost painful degree, and she prosecuted her task with renewed ardor. Suddenly a cry escaped from her lips, and the wet sponge fell from her hands upon the floor. The leaf she had just lifted had revealed to her several closely-written sheets of paper lying between the pages, and on the uppermost sheet, the first line visible, in the firm, peculiar handwriting of Thomas Stewart, was—

"My beloved daughter."

"A letter—to *me!* My dear, dear father," cried Helen, as she snatched the paper from its resting place and covered the written page with kisses.

The clock struck eleven. I had no more time to linger if I wished to leave New York by the midnight train. Moreover, I felt as though my presence was almost an intrusion, and as though it was my duty to leave the orphan daughter alone, to peruse in sacred and solemn solitude this missive thus strangely sent to her from the very borders of the grave. I rose, therefore, and said, "Helen, darling, I must go."

She forgot even the newly-discovered letter in the pang of this our first parting. The paper dropped unheeded to the floor, and I folded her to my heart. There were tears in her sweet eyes as I kissed her, soft drops of this light shower that had come to cloud the midsummer of our bliss. And so, with clasp and caress and fond, playful words, half sorrowful, half jesting, we parted. Ah! if we had but known, what heart-wrung tears, what wild embraces, what frenzied words would not have been ours in that moment of our separation! Yet it is better as it is. No memories of pain, sharp beyond endurance, come to cloud the recollection of that parting hour. No words of frantic anguish or of cruel despair come to haunt me in the future with torturing echoes.

I have somewhere read or heard a song whose burden was those tender German words, "Auf Wiedersehen," and I remember it vividly as being in some sort a foreshadowing of my own fate. The lover leaves his beloved even as I did:—

We parted for a day with kiss and smile
Beneath the blooming lindens in the lane;
With laughing voice my love cried as I went,
Auf Wiedersehen!

And he returns to find his love

Cold and silent in her shroud,
Pale as a snow-drift, and as pure of stain.

And therein the hero of the song was happier than I. If only my darling was at rest in the peaceful grave, safe with her heavenly Father, I think I could bear all else that has befallen me.

I reached St. Louis in due course of time, and passed the first day of my stay there in hard work, for I was anxious to finish my business and return to New York as soon as possible. No foreboding of evil haunted me, no swift presentiment of ill chilled my heart when, on the second morning after my arrival, a thick packet was handed to me, directed in that dear and well-known writing which I had learned to recognize so quickly, and which I ever greeted with pleasure. I opened the packet, and found to my surprise that it contained the letter written by Mr. Stewart which Helen had discovered in the blotting-book. It was evident that Helen wished me to peruse it; so I withdrew to my own room and sat down to make myself acquainted with its contents. It was, as I well remember, a beautiful morning, a perfect specimen of Indian summer weather. So mild was the temperature that I partially raised one of the windows before taking my seat. Down in the street below, an organ-grinder was making the air melodious with the music of Offenbach, and I paused a moment to listen with a smile to the duet of the gens-d'armes from *Genevieve de Brabant*. Then I threw myself into a chair and unfolded the letter. It ran as follows:—

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER: To-day, my child, you complete your fifteenth year. You will soon be a woman, endowed with all the capacities for loving and for suffering which Heaven has so bountifully bestowed upon your sex. You have, doubtless, school-girl as you are, child as you have scarcely ceased to be, already dreamed of a future of mutual love and wedded happiness. And it is upon me, your father, that the task has devolved of telling you that such a future can never be yours. I had thought of telling you the whole sad story in person, but my courage has always failed me: I have postponed the evil moment as long as I dared. But my health is failing: I know not at what moment the power of making this revelation may be snatched from me, and so to-night I sit down to trace lines that I would give my life rather than be obliged to pen—lines that will reveal to you the inviolate secret of my life, and that, in so doing, will crush the hopes and happiness out of your future existence.

You know, if it is true, but little of my past existence. You know that I married in Europe, that my wife was of English birth, and that not two years after my marriage I returned to America, bringing you, my motherless infant, with me.

I first met Agnes Wardour whilst travelling in Switzerland. She was very lovely, nay even dazzlingly beautiful. I never before or since saw such a complexion, so brilliant yet so delicate—a combination of snow and roses. Her eyes were large, soft and of that clear, dark blue-gray shade which is so exquisite and so rare. Her hair was chestnut-brown, with a red gold tinge; her form was faultless; her hands and feet models of symmetry. She was travelling with an aunt and uncle, whose adopted daughter she was, both her parents, so her aunt informed me, having died while Agnes was still an infant. Mr. and Mrs. Wardour were evidently wealthy, and persons of good birth and station, but before I had been many days in their society I had forgotten even to think about such points as their wealth on their social standing, for I was madly in love with their niece.

We were married after a brief courtship and a still shorter engagement. I can see now, by looking back, that the Wardours pushed forward all the arrangements with singular haste, but then I was quite as anxious to expedite matters as they were, and saw nothing strange in their hurried proceedings.

A few months after our marriage I was obliged to visit London on business. Short as our wedded life had as yet been, I could not persuade Agnes to accompany me. She protested that she hated London—that its smoke and fogs always made her ill and depressed her spirits; and she seemed so anxious to be allowed to remain with her aunt at Geneva that I yielded to her entreaties and set off on my journey alone. I had been in London about a fortnight when I received one day a note written in an unknown hand, and containing these lines:—

"A person related to Mrs. Thomas Stewart desires an interview with Mr. Stewart to impart to him certain information which cannot be communicated to him except in a personal interview. This information may possibly save his life. Call on Monday next, at two o'clock, at No. 6 Bolton Terrace, St. John's Wood, and ask for Mrs. Lyster."

Words fail me wherein to describe the surprise wherewith I perused the above brief epistle. My first impulse was to throw it in the fire—my second, to show it to my lawyer. This I did, and he, after examining the missive carefully, advised me not to dream of going to the address indicated. The neighborhood, he said, was, it was true, thoroughly respectable, but the whole thing wore too much the aspect of a trap. "Take my advice," he concluded by saying: "put the note in the fire and think no more about it." But I could not cease thinking about it, and the more I thought the more my curiosity was aroused. It ended in my resolving to go to the indicated address on the appointed day, and then, after a careful examination of the premises, if I felt dissatisfied with the appearance of the place, I could quietly withdraw.

I do not know, my poor child, why I linger thus over these unimportant details. It may be that I strive unconsciously to defer the cruel moment which must tell you all—which will reveal to you at once the secret of my misery and of the curse which rests upon your innocent head.

I fulfilled my purpose. On the appointed day and hour I took a cab and was driven to Bolton Terrace. It was a row of bright, pleasant-looking dwellings, situated in one of the most airy and cheerful streets in St. John's Wood, which is one of the most agreeable quarters of London. No. 6 was a large brick building, standing well back from the street, with a garden and trees around it, and a high brick wall surrounding the whole. A bright brass plate upon the gate bore the name of "Dr. Farquhar." There was nothing to alarm the most timid nature in the aspect of the house or its surroundings; so with half a smile at my own imaginings and the fears of my lawyer, I dismissed the cabman and rang the bell. My summons was answered by a tidy maid-servant, who, in in answer to my question if I could see Mrs. Lyster, showed me into a small, pleasant-looking room, and said she would go and see.

In a few moments the door opened and a lady entered the room—a tall, thin woman dressed in black, with a pale sad face, and large dark gray eyes full of a troubled melancholy. She came toward me and held out her hand:

"Is this Mr. Stewart?

"It is, madame."

"And I am Mrs. Lyster. I sent for you—Please sit down."

I took a chair and she drew hers so as nearly to face me. Her fingers twitched and wandered restlessly among the folds of a handkerchief which she held. She seemed nerving herself up for some great effort. At last, after one or two ineffectual attempts to speak, she drew from her pocket an old newspaper which she unfolded and spread out with shaking hands on the table. Then she pointed to a column.

"Read it," she said excitedly; "read it—read it."

I took the paper in blank amazement. What in the world could this pale melancholy-looking woman mean? and what had this old paper to do with Agnes?"

"Madame, I do not understand—" I began.

"Oh, do not force me to speak!" she said in a tone of intense suffering, rocking herself as she spoke back and forth on her chair. "Read—read—do read!"

I unfolded the newspaper and glanced over it. It was an old copy of the Times, the date about twenty years back, and the passage to which that trembling finger had pointed was the report of a trial—the trial of Mary Rivers for the murder of her husband, Captain Edgar Rivers. The first part, the proceedings on behalf of the prosecution, had evidently appeared in a former number, as the report was headed "fourth day," and was occupied with the examination of the witnesses for the defence, the speech of the prisoner's counsel, the summing up the evidence and the verdict of the jury, "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity." I learned from my hasty perusal that the husband and wife were young, handsome and well-born, that the marriage had been a love-match on both sides, that the bride soon after marriage had become moody, restless, full of strange fears, tormented by incurable wakefulness, and that she had murdered her husband by stabbing him in the throat with a penknife as he lay asleep, the blow having severed the jugular vein, and having caused death in a few moments. The plea for the defence was based upon the hereditary insanity existing in the family and among the ancestors of Mrs. Rivers, who had been a Miss Wyndham of Warwickshire. It was clearly demonstrated that the females of that family had been, with but few exceptions, liable to a peculiar form of violent homicidal mania, which, strange to say, existed among the females only, the men having been perfectly free from any mental disease. Then followed, quoted in order, the ghastly stories of a family woe; there, set down in plain, uncompromising legal language, were extracts from the family records, that told how Ellen Wyndham, in the reign of Charles I., had striven to murder her own mother, but was too weak to accomplish her purpose; how Diana Wyndham married the Earl of Clevedon, and drowned herself and her infant son in the river that flowed through Clevedon Park; how Grace Wyndham, maid-of-honor to Queen Mary of Modena, had died in a mad-house; how Anne Wyndham, god-daughter to Queen Anne and wife of Sir William Burnett, had committed suicide; how Isabella Wyndham, wife of Lord Saybrooke, had twice attempted her husband's life, and finally became a raving maniac; and so on through a long, hideous catalogue which sickened me as I read. Yet I could see very well how comparative secrecy had been maintained by the family. Most of these afflicted ladies had died young and in their own homes, while plausible excuses had been put forth to account for the tragic endings of one or two of the unhappy sufferers who had carried the family curse into other houses. Besides, before the birth of Mary Rivers there had been two generations wherein no daughter had survived to grow to womanhood, so that the unhappy pair had probably wedded in perfect ignorance of the horrible possibilities which awaited them.

I finished my perusal of the article and laid the paper down. The enigma was as inscrutable to me as ever.

"Mrs. Lyster—" I began.

"So you have read the whole story?" she interrupted me hastily. "Now, do you know where you are?"

"No. I beg that you will explain yourself."

"This is a private mad-house, and I am Mary Rivers!"

I started to my feet, and a thrill of horror shot coldly through me. This woman, mad and a murderess, what had she to tell me? what had she to do with my young wife?

"You need have no fear of me," she continued in a sad, monotonous voice; "I am sane now, and only very, very wretched. I am only happy when I am mad, for then I can forget. I loved my husband, and I killed him; so when the fit is on me and I cease to remember the past, I am not miserable, as I am in the days when reason and calmness return to me."

She fixed her eyes on me with a look of unutterable pity.

"I wish I could spare you the revelation I am about to make, but at any risks another such a tragedy must be avoided."

I resumed my seat. Something in this strange woman's look and gestures seemed to command my obedience.

"Your name is Thomas Stewart, I believe?"

"Yes, I am he—the person to whom you sent a letter."

"You married six months ago Agnes Wardour, niece and adopted daughter of William and Caroline Wardour?"

"I did."

"Did you ever learn the name of your wife's family?"

"No. I always was led to believe that her parents both died while she was still an infant, so cared but little to inquire about them."

"Her father died before she was born, but her mother still lives. Agnes Wardour, now your wife, is my daughter."

In an instant the whole horror of this revelation flashed through my mind. I sat like one stunned, while Mrs. Rivers, after a moment's pause, continued: "If I had but known of your suit before you were married, I should have saved you, but I only heard of my daughter's marriage the other day from an old family servant who occasionally comes to see me, and I employed her to trace you out. I could not endure the thought of another—" Then breaking abruptly off, she cried: "Tell me that you forgive me for telling you this. I did it to save your life."

I rose, blinded, bewildered, stunned: "Yes, I forgive you, I thank you, but let me go."

And I staggered out into the street. The cold air seemed to recall my senses, and I made my way back to the Langham Hotel; I scarce know how, but I reached it in safety. I took steps at once to ascertain the truth of the terrible story I had just heard. Alas! it was but too true. Mrs. Wardour, when taxed with the cruel deception she had practiced, only cried and bemoaned herself after the usual fashion of weak women. "She loved dear Agnes so—she had so wished to see her happy!" she sobbed. One point at least I had settled to my perfect satisfaction. Agnes was innocent of any complicity in the plot that had ensnared me. She was ignorant of the curse that hung over her: she did not know who her mother was, and was even ignorant of the fact that her mother still lived.

For a short time, a few months longer, I hoped that my wife might prove one of the few female descendants of the Wyndham family who were exempt from the family curse. Then came the epoch of your birth, an hour of gloom and sadness to me, for I saw in you, my daughter, only the heiress to an inheritance of wretchedness. Your mother, about three months after your birth, began to complain of sleepless nights, strange fancies, unnatural fears, which tormented her, and for which she could not account, as her health was perfectly restored. I listened with a sinking heart. I watched her every movement carefully, and with reason, for one night, waking suddenly and not finding her by my side, I hurried to the nursery and found her creeping toward her baby's crib with an open razor in her hand.

Helen, your mother yet lives—lives a hopeless maniac under the same roof that sheltered your grandmother for so many years. My child, my darling! the sad story is told now. You understand why I have thus wrung your heart and my own. *You must never marry!* The curse, not of your earthly father, but of your Heavenly one, would rest upon your nuptials. Not by you must this sorely-afflicted race be continued. My daughter—

Here the manuscript ended abruptly. On the blank space below the last line there was written in pencil, in a tremulous, irregular handwriting that I could scarcely recognize as that of Helen Stewart, the following words:—

"We must never meet again. Farewell, Walter, forever!"

I read the last words, I folded the letter, laid it down and gazed blankly about me. The world seemed to have changed its aspect, the sunlight had lost its glow, the air its freshness. I felt like one who has died in sleep, and who, passing thus suddenly from earth, looks dazed and bewildered upon the strange surroundings of the spirit-land. A pulse-like throb of pain quivered in my temples. I was utterly crushed by the blow that had thus suddenly smitten me.

For I, being a physician and acquainted with the various forms and phases of mental maladies, knew well that Fate had issued against Helen and myself a decree that could never be set aside. We could never be happy any more—never any more.

Yet can you marvel, friend, that my first impulse was to disobey her mandate and to seek her presence? I felt as if I *must* see her—must learn from her own lips the sentence that was to doom me to a life of loneliness and celibacy. The first train that went eastward from St. Louis bore me on it a passenger—nor did I halt in my journey till I arrived in New York.

I reached there late in the evening, and pausing neither for rest nor refreshment, I took my way at once to Mrs. Alleyne's house. The weather was cold, dreary, and depressing: a north-east wind was blowing, the sky was shrouded with heavy clouds, and a few snow-flakes floated in the chilling air. But I heeded neither the cold nor the impending storm. One thought filled my soul and impelled my footsteps onward, and that thought was of Helen. I reached the house and rung the bell. Some time elapsed before my summons was answered, and glancing up I was struck by the gloomy aspect of the building. No lights shone in the windows, no sparkling firelight danced on the ceilings or shimmered behind the lace curtains. All was darkness and silence.

At last the door opened. A woman whom I had never before seen in Mrs. Alleyne's service, stood in the doorway.

"Can I see the ladies?"

"They're not at home, sir. They're gone away."

"Gone! and where?"

"To Europe, sir—sailed in the China this morning; and I'm the housekeeper Mrs. Alleyne engaged to take care of things till she gets back."

"And when will that be?"

"Can't say, sir. Not for years, maybe, she told me."

And now, friend, could I but pause here, could I but say the story is ended, I might yet know peace. Could I but close my history thus—"Helen Stewart has forgotten me, and is prosperous and happy," I might lay down my pen with a smile if also with a sigh. But here I must not pause: I must tell my tale to its bitter end.

Helen Stewart, my beautiful, gentle, loving Helen, dwells to-day, a raving maniac, under the care of the same Dr. Farquhar (now a very old man) who watched for so many years over her grandmother and her mother. I have seen her again, and I bear still on my throat marks of the fierce clutch wherewith she greeted me when I, trusting to her apparent calmness, and forgetting all things save that I looked upon her once again, incautiously ventured within her reach. I could not even be permitted to see her again, as my presence excited her to ungovernable fury. So the one poor consolation that might have been mine, that of watching over her and tending her, is denied me.

But I can bear this life no longer, this existence, haunted ever by one cruel, cankering thought. To-morrow I sail for England, never to return, so long as Helen lives. I go to dwell, a mournful imitator of Schiller's Ritter Toggenburg, near the walls that hide my lady from my sight, there to keep ward over her, sometimes to see her (myself unseen) and to satisfy myself that she is kindly and judiciously treated, and that she wants for nothing. And some day, perhaps, the soul of Helen Stewart may once more peer forth from those veiled casements, her eyes, and I shall then be there to greet the returned wanderer and to whisper, "I alone have loved thee always. Behold, I have been faithful to the very end."

And should the wandering spirit ne'er return, should Helen die and make no sign, why then, old friend, life is not eternal, and it is written, "And there remaineth therefore a rest;" and I too shall one day find that rest. Often there rises to my lips these lines of the Poet of Evil, Baudelaire:

O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps, levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, O Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre!
Nos coeurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons.
Verse nous ton poison pour qu'il nous reconforte!

"Verse nous ton poison!" Ah! it is no poison, only a gentle yet potent narcotic, that stills all pain and quiets the beating heart, and gives even to such mourners as I am the "peace which passeth all understanding."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ Grasshoppers as big as sparrows flourish in Florida.

☞ When the last reform bill was before the House of Lords, Lord Lyttleton handed in an amendment that no one should be allowed the franchise who could not write his name in a legible hand. It was the duty of the clerk at the table to read the amendment aloud to the house; but so badly had his lordship written it that for the life of him the clerk couldn't make it out.

☞ Meat for repentance—Tough beef.

☞ Is a dealer in salt necessarily a salt cellar?

☞ The weakness of the currant worm is said to be discovered. It is tin. Nail two or three narrow strips of tin on the outside of the currant, and the worm will not touch it.—*Danbury News.*

☞ A Boston newspaper is trying to induce the organ-grinders of that city to emigrate to Buenos Ayres, by stating that all beggars in that country ride on horseback.

☞ A California hotel consists of the hollow trunks of ten immense trees, standing in a group a few feet apart. Nine of the hollow trees, duly papered and whitewashed, are used as bed-rooms, and the tenth as an office and bar-room.

☞ A letter has appeared in the Washington, N. J., Star, signed Jos. S Cook, M. D., stating that the writer has suffered an "unjust, cruel and malicious" imprisonment in the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum, calling attention to its present official management, and urging the necessity of a thorough investigation into the affairs of the institution.

☞ At Pekin, Ill., a woman died recently of rage, during a passionate dispute about a borrowed umbrella.

☞ The old and pleasing exhibition of a "magician" standing up to be fired at with a real pistol has its perils for the performer unless he makes sure beforehand of the man who loads the pistol. In a Texas town lately one of these wonderful prestidigitateurs was shot and killed before the audience, because the man who loaded the pistol slipped in a genuine bullet, instead of one furnished by the performer, that could be jammed into powder.

☞ Dr Mary Walker is said to be creating a sensation on the streets of Washington by appearing in a Dolly Varden coat and pantaloons.

ETHEL'S BETROTHAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

They were quite alone by the fountain. The strains of Von Weber's last waltz floated in from the ball-room, that they had just left. Ethel Weston knew very well why Sidney Eliot had brought her in there. She knew what was coming, and she dreaded it a little, as all sensitive women *do* dread a proposal, which must be answered in the negative.

Sidney did not wait long. He had made up his mind days ago to speak that evening and learn his fate. He was not a bold man, yet he was so brave and straightforward in every thing he did or said, that people sometimes thought him bold. He had never made a proposal of marriage to any woman in all his thirty years—yet he found no difficulty in expressing himself to Ethel. He went right into the heart of the subject without any preliminaries.

"I love you," he said, looking down upon the fair, slightly tired face, with earnest eyes, "and I want you for my wife."

Then he went on in eloquent, pleading words, to tell her all his hopes, all his plans, all his ambition; and for the first time, Ethel realized just what she was to this man. She dreaded to give him her answer.

Two men passed by the window outside, just then, leaving a trail of cigar smoke in the air behind them.

Their voices floated in through the open window.

"Chester Abbott has returned from Europe, I hear," one was saying.

"Indeed?" why he has been away nearly five years—hasn't he? Did his wife return with him?"

"Oh, no; she died in Italy, two years since. He is in the market again, and doubtless more fascinating than ever."

She had to lean forward a little to catch the last words, as the men passed on out of hearing.

Sidney Eliot had ceased speaking, and was waiting for his answer.

She looked up into his eyes, and a sudden change came over her face. The pale, tired look gave place to a wave of rich color. The listless droop of the eyelids changed to glow, and sparkle, and fire.

Sidney Eliot saw the sudden change, and his heart took courage. Surely if his words of love had brought such a color to her cheeks, and fire to her eyes, there was hope *for* him. He leaned down over her, and his warm breath fanned her cheek.

"Oh, Ethel!" he whispered, and his voice trembled with emotion. "Answer me."

He could not guess the workings of her mind. How her thoughts were travelling back to a summer seven years past, when she had learned the beautiful lesson of love, and worshipped at the feet of Chester Abbott. Heavens! how she did love him; and he had jilted her—married Helen Griffith, and sailed for Europe without even a farewell word.

She was seventeen then, and now she was twenty-four. For five years she had been the reigning belle of society, queening it wherever she went. Life had been very pleasant, and she had quite forgotten that old affair, until the words of the men passing the window brought it to her mind again.

Chester Abbott had passed completely out of her life. She had not even thought of him for a year at least. Now he was coming back. Should he come and find her single, and free? should he have the pleasure of thinking, as he surely would, that she had never recovered from that old wound? that she found it impossible to love again?

"Answer me, Ethel, just one word," Sidney was saying. "Is it yes, or no?"

She laid her hand in his. "It is yes," she whispered, and Sidney murmured a fervent "Thank God" as he lifted the white hand to his lips.

The color and glow all died out of Ethel's face as suddenly as it came. Now that she had said the word that pledged her for life to a man she did not love she realized what she had done. And for what? just to assure a man for whom she cared absolutely nothing, that she had quite forgotten that summer in the past. How foolish she had been.

"You are pale—why you are ill!" Sidney exclaimed, looking at her colorless face wonderingly.

She put her hand to her forehead. "The smoke of that cigar made me feel faint for a moment," she said. "Let us go back to the ball-room."

Several acquaintances met them as they passed out, and those versed in such matters suspected what had happened. Something in Sidney's face told his secret.

There was a lull in the dancing, and at the opposite side of the room Ethel noticed a slight commotion.

Somebody had just arrived, and was creating quite an excitement.

"Who is it?" she asked, and from his superior height Sidney Eliot looked over the heads of the people and saw the cause of the commotion.

"Why it is Chester Abbott!" he exclaimed. "I did not know he had returned. He is an old friend of mine—you do not remember him perhaps."

"I will excuse you while you go and speak to him," Ethel said, disengaging her arm from his. "The band is playing another waltz, and I promised one to Charlie Evans."

Charlie Evans standing near, patiently biding his time came forward to claim her, and away they whirled.

They waltzed until the music ceased, and were the last to leave the floor. Ethel was determined to exercise until she brought some color to her cheeks. She was not going to meet Chester Abbott with a wan pallid face. He came forward as soon as she was seated, and held out his hand with his old, pleasant smile. She rose and greeted him quietly, though her heart was beating like a hammer against her breast, and she was inwardly raging because she felt so agitated at the sight of this man who was nothing to her.

"I can scarcely believe that almost seven years have passed since I last saw you," he said sitting down by her, "when I look at you. The years have scarcely made an impression upon your face. Time passes you without touching."

"I suppose you feel obliged out of politeness to say that," Ethel responded, "but I am not going to desert the truth for the sake of compliments. I think *you* have changed somewhat in the last seven years."

"You think I have grown perceptibly old?"

"Yes."

"That is frank. Well I have had something to make me feel old and look old, for we usually look as we feel, you know."

Ethel wondered if her looks were in accordance with her feelings just then, and prayed silently that they might not be.

"I have not had a very happy life," Chester went on, "and disappointments, ruined hopes and wearing cares tell on the face at last."

Ethel was growing uncomfortable, and knew not what to say.

"Many of our troubles are of our own making," she ventured, and then felt like boxing her own ears for it, lest he should put a wrong construction upon her words.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "and some are of others' making. Mine have been."

Somebody came up just then to claim Ethel's hand for the German. Chester detained her for a second as she rose to go. "I would like to see you a little while to-morrow," he said, "if you will be kind enough to give me an hour."

Her heart came up into her throat. What did he want to see her for? What could he think she was to him, or he to her?

"I shall be engaged most of the day to-morrow," she answered; "but if you call at three, I will endeavor to be at liberty."

She did not see him again that evening. She went home early; and he did not stay long after she had gone.

She did not sleep much that night, and she was nervous and hysterical in the morning. Sidney would not come until two, and she hoped no one would come before that. But there did. Two or three admirers—insipid beaux whom she detested at all times—made calls, and occupied the forenoon.

She was just ready to scream when Sidney was shown in. How could she endure his presence? She almost hated the man, but she must submit to his caresses and listen to his words of love. He urged a speedy day for their union. He pleaded and talked and argued for half an hour, and Ethel heard him like one in a dream. She scarcely knew what he was saying, and at last, just as the bell rung and he was pleading for the fifteenth of September to be the glad day, she answered, "Yes, oh! yes, I do not care when;" and before she realized what she had said Sidney had gone, and a servant at the door announced "Mr. Abbott."

The name brought her to her senses.

"Show him in," she said calmly, and in a moment he was by her side.

He was very grave and pale, and looked older than on the preceding evening.

"I would not have trespassed upon your time," he said, "had my business with you been of any other nature. But I crossed the ocean for the express purpose of clearing myself in your eyes, and I could not bear to let another day pass over my head until I had proved to you that I was not the mean, despicable villain you must have thought me."

He paused a moment, and she looked at him with wondering eyes and bated breath.

"Seven years ago," he went on, "I loved you. I tried to win your love in return, and thought I had succeeded. I had expressed my love to you, in every way, save in words. I felt that you were as much mine as though bound by solemn vows. I was only waiting our return to the city to gain the consent of your parents before speaking. A few days before our intended departure for home, Helen Griffith and her brother came down. The afternoon of their arrival I was standing by the window, when she came up to my side. You and her brother were walking down toward the shore. We could see you from the window. Helen looked out. 'Dear children, they are happy again,' she said, laughing. 'John has been so impatient for the last few weeks to come down here. Ethel kept pleading in her letters, telling him how dull it was without him, and he was chin deep in that horrid law business, and could not get away. Dear Ethel! I shall be so glad when her parents relent, and she and John can make their engagement public. It may be years yet, but I hope not. I know how she hates this secrecy, and beside it is of so hard for her to receive the attentions other gentlemen: and yet she must, with apparent pleasure, too, or her parents will suspect. Poor girl, it is wearing on her.' That was all she said, but it was enough. I went back to the city in advance of the remainder of the party, you remember. Helen and her brother, who had only come down for a day, returned with me. When I reached home, I found my father in trouble. His business was in a terrible condition—he was badly in debt, and Mr. Griffith, his partner, had half his property in his hands. His presence, or an agent's, was required in Europe, and he begged me to act as his agent. Mr. Griffith also made a proposition to my father, that I should marry his daughter, and thus unite the two properties. I was mad and reckless, and cared not what I did. You had deceived me, and my life henceforth seemed of small account. I might as well accede to Mr. Griffith's proposition and accommodate my father, as to do anything else. I married Helen Griffith, and we sailed for Europe. I tried to be kind and good to her, but she was jealous, tyrannical, and shrewish. She made my life a burden. On her death-bed she called for pen, ink, and paper. She wrote for some hours, and then sealed up what she had written, and sent for a lawyer. In my presence she handed the packet to him, saying, 'When I have been dead two years, give this to my husband. Do not give it before.' She lived two weeks after that. I wondered what the packet contained, and remained in Italy until the two years had expired. Then I received the package, and opened it. It was her confession—telling me that you had never been betrothed to her brother, and that it was a story of her own make, intended to separate us. Her brother loved you, and came down to propose to you, and she added the rest. She wrote that her father was anxious she should secure me as a husband, and she had planned this scheme, to win me. She delayed this confession's falling into my hands until she had been dead two years, lest I should not pay proper respect to her memory. I have come across the sea to tell you this, not because I expect or ask any favor at your hands, but because I want to stand cleared of a meanness in your eyes, and I want to be your friend."

He looked down into her eyes, and she looked up into his. Heart read heart. He put his arm around her, and drew her head down to his shoulder.

"Oh, Ethel," he whispered, "may I be more than a friend?"

"God help us!" she answered, "I am engaged to Sidney Eliot."

"Engaged? Oh, Ethel, do you love him?"

He felt her shudder.

"No, no," she said, "I love no one but you—never have loved any other, never can."

"Then you shall marry no other," he said, kissing the beautiful mouth.

She freed herself from his arms, and told him the story of her betrothal.

"Sidney Eliot is a good, noble man," she said in conclusion. "He has given me the one love of his lifetime, and I cannot do him wrong now. We must go our separate ways, and bear our burdens silently."

"God help me," cried Chester. "My life has had enough of the bitter already. Why need this be added?"

It was useless to plead. She was firm in what she deemed her duty. He went away, and she did not see him again for a week. Then he came to say good-bye. "I am going back to Europe," he said. "I sail the day after to-morrow, and we shall never meet again in this world."

On his way out of the house, he met Sidney Eliot, but passed him without a word. Sidney marvelled, at the stern face, and wild eyes, and marvelled more at finding Ethel in tears. He did not question her, but sought out Chester Abbott, that afternoon.

"Tell me," he said, "what it all means. I *will* know, I have a right to know. Did you love Ethel Weston before you went to Europe?" And then Chester told him all, save that she loved him now. "I came back to find her pledged to another," he said. "I do not complain, but I cannot stay here. I am going back to Europe." "Wait here until I return," Sidney said, and turned his steps toward Ethel Weston's home. He found her alone. "Ethel," he said, "I have come to free you. Hush, not a word. Chester Abbott loves you, and you love him. He does not love you better than I do, perhaps, but he has loved you longer. I free you from your engagement, and God bless you."

He was gone before she could speak. He went to Chester Abbott. "Go to her," he said, "she wants you;" and then holding out his hand, "Good-bye, old friend, and heaven bless you. We have changed places, haven't we? You are Ethel's lover now, and it is I who sail for Europe day after to-morrow." He tried to laugh, but failed, and with another choking "good-bye" was gone.

Ethel and Chester read his name in the list of departures a few days later, and sent up silent prayers for his safety and happiness, while he, far out at sea, prayed God to bless them and strengthen him.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is to be hoped that the report of the arbitrators at Geneva having successfully settled the dispute about the "indirect claims" will prove true. The statement made is, that the arbitrators have decided that the "indirect claims" are not subject to an award of damages in money, and, the arbitration having only been constituted to consider claims for money damages, that, therefore, the arbitrators cannot take cognizance of the "indirect claims."

On the 27th of June Earl Granville, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, made statements in regard to the international arbitration, to the effect that the indirect claims would not be further insisted upon by the United States, and that the Treaty of Washington was an effective bar against the revival of these claims. The statements were received in both Houses with great satisfaction, and many demonstrations of enthusiasm over the happy prospect of an early settlement of the long-continued and much vexed question.

The convicts in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., revolted June 27. Two hundred of them were placed in close confinement—but nine hundred gathered in the yard and refused to obey orders, some being armed with tools. The revolt was finally quelled by three companies of military under General McDougall. About 160 of the rebels have been placed in close confinement on bread and water.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes, who assassinated Fisk, was opened in New York city June 26, a jury having been at last secured.

The second trial of Laura Fair, at San Francisco, has been postponed until September, the defence being "unable to obtain witnesses."

The Boston Jubilee still continues with unabated enthusiasm.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. FOREST CITY.

At Cleveland, June 22d, the Athletic defeated the Forest City Club by a score of 9 to 8.

BOSTON VS. BALTIMORE.

At Boston, June 22d, the Boston Red-Stockings defeated the Baltimore Club by a score of 9 to 3.

BALTIMORE VS. NATIONAL.

At Baltimore, June 26, the Baltimore Club defeated the National, of Washington, by a score of 9 to 1.

JOHANN STRAUSS AND THE JUBILEE.

Upon this point, the correspondent of the New York World writes as follows:

Johann Strauss, the waltz-king, personally is evidently a good fellow. He talks only German, but he smiles in all languages. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to him to say that he only talks German, for he avers that he has been for eleven years trying to speak French. Still, however, he admits that he speaks it badly. Languages are not his forte. He is small, wiry, and intensely nervous. One ignorant of both French and German would imagine, from the rapidity of his speech and the superabundance of gestures that he was talking the former—indeed, that he was a Frenchman. He is full of courtesy, and a brief acquaintance with him will quite satisfy any one that his extravagance of gesture when conducting the performance is simply natural and quite inseparable from his personality. Last night he attended a sort of informal reception given to himself, Bendel, and Abt, at the rooms of the Orpheus Club. During the evening he presided at the piano, while the club joined in chorus in singing his "Blue Danube" waltz. They sang superbly, and no one present, where all were enthusiastic was seemingly more excited than he himself. His complexion is quite dark. His eyes and hair are as black as possible. It is related of him that when he was in St. Petersburg the fair Russian belles made a frightful series of demands upon him for locks of his hair. Strauss viewed the prospect with alarm. All these souvenirs would leave him bald. Then he had a brilliant idea.

His dog was a huge black Newfoundland. Its shaggy coat was of precisely the texture of his hair, and to-day many a Russian album is enriched by the possession of a cherished lock of hair from Strauss's dog. When he was coming to this country he could with difficulty be restrained, it is said, from bringing along the dog as a precautionary measure for a similar emergency. In conversation Strauss is constantly smiling, showing his pearly teeth, pantomiming with hands, head and body, and is altogether as full of action as when upon the stage. When speaking upon the subject of his impressions of American energy and the Jubilee as an exemplification of it, he becomes almost wild with excitement.

They would not believe it in Germany, he says; they could not deem it possible that so enormous a chorus and orchestra of intelligent musicians could be gathered together and held for so long a time to perform such great works as are rendered at this Jubilee. In Germany, he explained to the writer, the people are more economical and infinitely less venturesome than the Americans. There a thousand dollars is a large sum, and the mere idea of a musical festival which would cost three-quarters of a million would take away the breath of Deutschland. They might get up a crude gathering of musical societies from many different places, and for a single day have a gigantic festival, but even then it would not approximate to this one.

Another thing which astonishes Strauss even more than the enterprise which has originated and rendered successful this Peace Jubilee, and the liberality of the public in sustaining it, is the fact that in America, where he has been led to believe there was little taste for or knowledge of music, so great a chorus should have been found of people capable of reading and correctly executing such compositions as have made up the vocal portion of the programmes. Thus far he is also full of compliment to the orchestra. In Germany, he says, before he would venture to perform one of his waltzes in public, even with a small orchestra, he would have nine or ten rehearsals; but here, even for a piece which must be strange to most if not all of the performers, a single rehearsal is made to suffice, and then it is brought out, and not only merely done but done well. Without doubt more rehearsals might secure a greater degree of delicacy of expression, and approach more closely to absolute perfection; but in so vast a volume of sound as is here evoked, minor defects are lost sight of, and the general effect seems all that can be desired. Before he left Germany, even when he had made his contract to come over, Strauss was more than half inclined, he admits, to believe the Jubilee a Yankee swindle.

This was the general belief in that country, and he says that it will need all the credit he and the other German artists now here possess in fatherland, and all the power of language at their command, to give any conception to their countrymen of what they have seen in this country. He will not wait until his return to make his representation, but will write from here a letter over his own name to the Neu Frei Presse, the leading paper of Vienna, variously setting forth, so far as he can, the impression which America has made upon him.

A Buffalo Hunt at Niagara Falls.

Buffalo-hunting is a very good thing in its way, but it surely can be best enjoyed where it is naturally sought, on the prairies. The plan which is proposed just now, of opening the fashionable season at Niagara by a "grand buffalo hunt," consequently strikes one as being of doubtful taste. It is represented that city people who spend the season at the Falls, wish to get a glimpse of the sports of the Far West, and hence this scheme has been devised for their amusement. To have a buffalo hunt it is needful to have buffaloes. So the projectors sent out to Nebraska instructions to suitable persons there to catch and box up a number of the animals, and to send them on by the cars. At the same time, a band of real Pawnee Indians was to be forwarded, who should hunt down the beasts in proper style at the Falls. It seems that a despatch has now been received at Omaha to the effect that seven buffaloes have been captured south of North Platte to fill the order; but that, in taking them from Red Willow to North Platte, a distance of some fifty miles, six of the seven had died from exhaustion. The operation of being run down had proved too much for the poor creatures, and they were spared the fate of being slaughtered for the pleasure of the jaded citizens of Niagara. It is a little too hard to inflict upon the buffaloes this double misery, and we hope the present experience may have the effect of inducing those who crave the excitement of hunting the animals, to seek it, in future, upon the plains.—*N. Y. Times.*

A CROTCHETY OLD LADY.

It is surprising what crotchets valetudinarians will harbor. Here is an invalid lady in a New England town who is greatly distressed by the noisy vibrations of the telegraph wires which pass over her house. The company have moved their wires once to relieve her, but did it in such a way that, as she says in a little publication which she has made on the subject, "the incessant roar and ring" were "twice or three times as loud" as before. Ultimately, she was forced to pay $75 to cover the expense of having the poles carried far away from her domicile. Personally she is rid of the Æolian noises, but her distrust of telegraph companies has not in the least abated; for in a handbill which she has obligingly forwarded to us, she expresses the opinion that telegraphs "are established and stretched through every nook and corner of the land," not only for the purpose of keeping invalid ladies awake, but "by a secret and designing party of politicians for the express purpose of ascertaining the exact state of affairs, and controlling as far as possible the free suffrages of the people." As she would never have thought of this if the noisy wires had not kept her awake, we are happy to believe that the worthy woman is quite mistaken.

A CONVERSATION.

The following conversation between a young lady who wrote for magazines and an old gentleman who believed he could speak English, occurred somewhere in Massachusetts, and is quoted for the benefit of grammarians:—

Old Gentleman—"Are there any houses building in your village?"

Young Lady—"No, sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building."

Gentleman—"True; I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

Lady—(Looks puzzled a moment, and then answers abruptly)—"Nearly a year."

Gentleman—"How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

Lady—(Explosively)—"Don't know."

Gentleman—"I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he cannot—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

A NICE WAY TO GO RIDING.

The Danbury News tells an anecdote of an excitable lover who hired an equally excitable horse for a genial drive with his lady. After helping her in on the wrong side of the carriage, he prepared to climb in himself, when the animal gently started off. It stopped in a moment to enable him to catch up, and then pleasantly moved along. He caught up again, and the horse moved on. The young lady appeared to be deeply interested in the movement, although it was evident she was trying to conceal her true feelings. There was one good thing about the horse—it never moved on before he caught up. The party passed over Deer Hill avenue, and through the country adjoining, some of the scenery being perfectly splendid. They finally arrived at the livery stable, the horse and carriage and lady being a trifle in advance, but the young man caught up.

A RARE PERFORMANCE.—A Parisian grandfather consented that his daughter should go to the theatre only on condition that she should be at home again at half-past ten o'clock at the latest. "But, grandpapa," pouted the little girl, "I never shall see any of the last acts." "Never mind, my child," was the indulgent response, "I will remember that, and, if you are faithful to your studies, I will arrange with the managers to give once a month a performance made up of all the last acts in their repertory, so there shall be nothing but marriages the whole evening."

☞ A Danbury Connecticut lady claims to be the "champion flirtist"—only twenty-two demoralized bipeds in six months. Her heart is a Dolly Varden.

☞ The savages are unjustly styled ignorant, for any healthy Indian is a well red man.

☞ A glass bottle, tightly corked and sealed, was recently picked up on the western shore of Block Island, near Newport, R. I., and found to contain a piece of paper, on which the following was written with apparent haste:—

"Struck an iceberg at 12 M. to-day. Ship sinking fast. No hope.

"JOHN HANDERVILLE.

"Ship Alice, Liverpool, April 7, '72."

☞ The Yale Courant gives the following specimen of Japanese English which passed between a Japanese student and his landlady: "I told you other day that I would move from here to Wall street; but I will not move for my convenient, and I will oblige to you for more little while. I will move here any time, if you promise somebody to lend the room to him. I am very sorry for that I could not always get home at supper time. Are you inconvenient that I have tea at late?"

☞ A painter, having been "flung" by his sweetheart, tried to commit suicide. The "devil" found him out and took him to the sanctum where the editor was writing dons to delinquent subscribers. The picture of despair presented by the editor reconciled the painter to his fate. He began to consider himself as comparatively happy.

A GOOD SHOT.—A physician having visited a sick lady during a storm, she expressed concern at his having come so far in such bad weather, to which the doctor unluckily replied—

"Oh, madam, I have another patient in this neighborhood—and by that means, you know, I kill two birds with one stone."

"Doctor," replied the lady, "you are too good a shot for me," and dispensed with his further attendance.

☞ Widows—an exchange paper, the editor of which, no doubt, lately "set up" with a widow, goes off thus: For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like an interesting widow. There is as much difference between courting a damsel and a widow, as there is difference between cyphering in addition and the double rule of three. Courting a girl is like eating fruit, all very nice as far as it extends, but doing the amiable to a blue-eyed bereaved one in black crape, comes under the head of preserve—rich, pungent, syrupy. For delicious courting, we repeat, give us "a live widder."

☞ A man in Westfield, Mass., thought to purify his well by generously throwing in a half-bushel of lime. As there was but three feet of water in the well, he has had whitewash plenty and cheap ever since.

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A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

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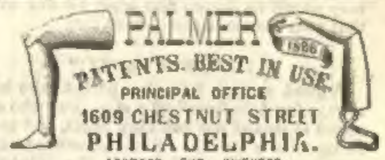

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A GOOD JOKE.

Eli Perkins tells this: On Saturday a Philadelphia lawyer, Mr. H——, rode down to Wall street in a Broadway omnibus. At Stuart's a beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the distinguished attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. H——, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the driver.

The driver made the change, handed forty cents back to Mr. H——, who quietly put it away in his vest pocket, and went on reading a mowing machine brief. Then all was silence.

Soon the young lady asked him about the Brooklyn Ferry. Mr. H—— replied to the question with courtesy.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H—— petulantly; "I'm not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes," (then a silence).

Mr. H—— again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady a-hemed, and asked him what the fare was in the New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't I return your change? It is impossible! Here, driver!" he continued, dropping his brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her change—forty cents, sir; forty cents."

"I did give her the change; I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your own pocket," shouted back the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. H——, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten cent notes. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but—"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, eyeing him suspiciously, "you know a lady in New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents—"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman,—" and then the stage stopped, and the young lady tripped away.

Mr. H—— has been so excited about the affair that he went back to Philadelphia a ruined man. He even forgot to take a $10,000 fee which Ketchum was to pay him in a mowing-machine case. He says he'd rather pay $10 000 than let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story, for fear they would be asking him what he did with that poor woman's forty cents.

"ALL HANDS BELOW!"

A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board of a ship, but who escaped at one of the Southern ports, and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching, saying that there was no virtue in them; that every one of them would be lost, unless they speedily repented. Just as he uttered the sentence up spoke the parrot from his hiding-place:

"All hands below!"

To say that "All hands" were startled would be but a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice, from its unknown source, had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anybody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to be first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling—

"All hands below!"

There was one old woman who was lame, and could not get out so fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and alighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear:

"All hands below!"

"No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way."

A HORSE STORY.

The papers are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that "a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a water-barrel and slaked his thirst." As the horse could not have slaked his thirst without pulling the plug out of the bung-hole of the barrel, we do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might have been worth while to make some fuss over it. But none of these things seem to have occurred.

DIDN'T LIKE MUTTON.

A good story is told of the recent excellent performance of Handel's Messiah, at the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Kentucky. A farmer took his wife to hear the grand music, so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses: "We all, like sheep, have gone astray." First, a sharp soprano voice exclaimed.

"We all, like sheep—"

Next, a deep bass voice uttered, in the most earnest tones:

"We all, like sheep—"

Then all the singers at once asserted:

"We all, like sheep—"

"Darned if I do!" exclaimed old rusticus to his partner. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep meat!

There was an audible titter in that immediate vicinity, but the splendid music attracted attention from the pair, and they quietly slipped out.

RECEIPT FOR TESTING EGGS.

Aunt Charity S—— was a good old soul and had her recipes for everything, which she was always quoting to the neighbors. The following is one of them and we print it, as it may be of great use to our readers. It was given to a lady who expressed some doubts as to the freshness of some eggs she had:—

"La me!" says Aunt Charity, "it's the easiest thing in the world to find out. Jest take a dozen of 'em, no a half a dozen of 'em, no it's a doz—well rasly, I can't say, but it's ither a dozen or a half a dozen, and you put 'em in a pail full, no, a half a pail full—part full—no, it's a pail full,—no, well, well, it's ither a pail full or half a pail full of water—and the good eggs will swim on top—no, the good eggs will sink to the bottom—no, that's not it—the good eggs will swim—no, no, I declare, I don't rasly know; but any way the good eggs will ither sink or swim."

☞ A Texas paper desired its contemporary "to render scissors the things that are scissored."

"LITTLE FREDDIE" AND "BABY MAX."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LAURA M. BIDELER.

"Little Freddie" and "Baby Max"
Were the words I read as I stood last night
By the little graves where the moonlight fell
Softly down on the daisies white.

Little Freddie's fair, sweet face,
Oh! how plain I can see it now,—
Golden curls with a careless grace
Waving above the blue-veined brow.

Oh! we had thought in the coming years
How our darling's eloquent words should thrill,
And the hardest heart would melt to tears
At the earnest speech of a noble will.

Baby Max with the dark, sad eyes,
Seeming to pierce the future through,
Looking to far off paradise,—
Under the daisies lies sleeping too.

Oh, how we loved him, how our tears
Fell on the face so cold and white;
Ah, never in all the coming years
Can we forget that bitter night.

But God knows best, let our darlings sleep
Under the daisies' snowy bloom,
For we know that afar in the golden street
Christ has gathered them safely home.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 25.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"There!"

O'Dowd dropped the pork that he was broiling on to the coals, where it had some time to sputter before he thought to rescue it.

We all bent forward as if we could listen better in that attitude.

"Was iver the likes of it heard out ov purgatory?" The Irishman, for the time detailed as cook, in his absent-mindedness allowed the juice of the meat to drip upon the embers, which indignity the coals resented with continual hisses.

"If iver I heard the kelpies in the forests of Downpatrick, that is a kelpie or the diel."

"If you ever heard one, that was the way to put the matter, O'Dowd," laughed Stebbins.

"As if I hadn't, sure?"

"As if you had."

"Begorra, then, what is it?"

Whist! but it heaves the teeth out ov me jaws," and the burly fellow opened from his half-shut position over the fire as quickly as a spring-backed jack-knife.

We were late at our evening meal. We had been on the tramp all day, or two or three days for that matter, following the miner's mirage—better diggings. Here in the ravine between the hilly ranges, we concluded to spread our canvas umbrellas, and see what we could find. There were only five of us—many of the original number having sloughed off from us, for sundry reasons known and unknown. We had lonely feelings after these many separations, and only the drolleries of O'Dowd and Doles kept our digestion good and our mental mercury in a rising state. That the Hibernian's humor was genuine, one fair glance at his cast of countenance convinced you. The certificate was, so to speak, blown in the glass. His turned up nose, his face as freckled as a turkey's egg, his shock of reddish, yellow hair, and then his eyes were brimful of jollity. The stiff, shaggy ridges of hair over his eyes gave you the impression that he wore two rough caterpillars for eyebrows.

Then his clothes, torn by rough scrambles up and down, over and through hills, gulches and mountain ridges, had by many a lengthening seam turned state's evidence and opened a suit against him.

However, we won't take his photograph full length, now, but bring you back to the opening of the sketch.

It certainly was the most profoundly awful noise that ever cut through the silence of that uninhabited region. It was indescribable, too, which was the worst feature about it, for no matter what the sound may be, if one only knows the windpipe from which it bursts, he can rest measurably contented. We were the more startled by the unexpected disturbance, from the fact that the boys back at Bandy's Gap had assured us that there were no miners beyond them in the direction which we were heading, and for the distance of three miles before we drove our stakes for the night, we had seen neither beast, nor bird, nor form of man. Unlading our beasts of provisions and other concerns with which their ribs were well bolstered, we had kindled our fire and prepared to relish a hearty and late repast. No dainties set before the satiated epicure, can give him the faintest idea of the sweetness of cornmeal bannock and broiled meat with a wash down of inky coffee. The healthy exercise and out-door air spread the coarsest food with a honeyed relish nowhere's else obtained.

"That infernal cry must be a mile or two up the ravine," remarked Doles, "for the rocks croaked back the echoes from shelve to shelve."

"What if it comes down this way in the night?"

"What, the noise?" questioned Stebbins. "Let it come; we can split it with our picks."

"Arrah! not the noise, sure, alone; but the fellow as keeps the same in his windpipe."

But after our meal we conversed awhile on the probable results of our new move, and hearing nothing more of the awful cry, we barricaded our doorway and shut the lights out with our eyelids, and floated away in dreams.

The next morning I don't believe that we gave the matter a thought, but got along the valley, giving a scratch here and a pick there to see what old mother earth had thereabouts in her lap. Along in the afternoon we started on a sort of trench-making in a shallow ravine, owing to a glimpse which we had obtained of quite an amount of scale gold. As we returned towards our camp about sunset, Doles climbed a pinnacle of rocks, and inclining his head far over the edge, gazed up and down the ravine.

"What are ye 'bout up there?" called Stebbins.

"Sighting round the North Pole to see what they are about in China."

"Eh! well, what's the report?"

"Just drinking tea" was the grave reply, "and smoking opium around the pagodas."

"Gad!" says O'Dowd, "what a lively fancy the boy has."

"No, really," answered Doles, "it must have been hereabouts that that unearthly sound came from last night."

"Ho, by St. Patrick, whist up! the mere mintion ov it sinds a shower of goose-flesh adown me back. Come down now, Dowles, or I'll be afther sinding a screech out meself that'll make yer head ring with the racket. Oh, bedad! what's that?"

At the moment Doles's foot slipping, he fell, loosening a bushel or two of small rocks, sods and gravel, which rattled like hail about our ears.

"An eruption of Vesuvius," said the jester, recovering his feet and scrambling down to our midst.

O'Dowd's affectation of terror was well acted, but he was as brave as a lion, although as he hurried along at the regular Irish trot, hitching at his waistbands and turning his head, he stared at Doles with his caterpillar eyebrows crawling up and down his forehead, the grimmest visage would find itself relaxing into a smile.

Once again while we were eating our evening meal that harsh cry resounded.

"That's not so good a relish as I have taken with my victuals," remarked I, poising a mouthful for shipment through the strait to the internal regions.

"Fly away with me, but isn't it a bit of caper sauce," says O'Dowd, "which some ov the boys of Bandy's Gap are giving us?"

"Or a Cheyenne war whoop?—leastwise it might be, if there was any of that tribe in these regions."

"I have started an unfortunate explosion of wit," I returned; "but wait—there it is again."

We hurried through with our supper, and rushed up the mouth of the ravine, but nothing was to be seen, although a goodly-sized moon drifted a whole flood of glory over the earth, and did what she could to light up the darkness of the valleys and gulches.

"Not best to go in far," we all said, "as we might be seen, without ourselves seeing."

Well, the cries remained a mystery. We had gone over to Bandy's Gap and accused the boys of attempting to frighten us, but to a man they denied it. By daylight we had scrambled into the very bowels of the earth, in the direction of the sound, but could discover nothing save huge, cavernous mouths of rock, where man or beast might hide with the greatest safety and surety of concealment. Yet so long as we found the diggings rich, we were not disposed to leave them. Now comes the, to us, strangest part of it. The moon waxed, filled, and waned. With the disappearance of the matchless orb, the sounds ceased. Soon, however, a new species of annoyance occurred. In one night, nearly an eighth part of our stock of remaining provision disappeared. A sack of meal and two huge hams, and several pounds of our coffee. We were aghast at our loss. Provisions cost something in those days; beside we were a long distance from any place where we could replenish our larder.

"This beats everything," said Doles musingly. "There is a story of old that runs parallel, however. The devil pursued the swine once before, but there is no account of his taking corn meal along with them."

"It's the Bandy Gapers," affirmed O'Dowd, making ready to mount his mule and get over the ridge to see them about it. Thirty yards from our camp he met one of the miners of the Gap coming over to our place to see if we could tell who or what was about us. They had lost a supply of provision also. So there was nothing for it but to set a watch. We did so, taking turns, first one and then the other smoking his pipe on picket duty. Not even a sound disturbed our midnight musings, unless indeed it were the twitter of some solitary bird, or little skulking animal. Miles and miles of country lay so still as if even an echo never had disturbed it from the time of its creation. No time like night, and no place like being alone under the solemn stars for deep and awful meditations; and the sombre thoughts were not brightened by the casual reflection that some mysterious shape might be lurking unseen in the shadows.

However, our vigils amounted to nothing, and after three weeks or so of fruitless watching we abandoned it; and came to the conclusion that the tax being levied upon us we were henceforth to be undisturbed.

Well, we got a new moon again, and after it had passed its first quarter, when we were least thinking of the matter, those wild wailings began again.

"Sure the door of purgatory is ajar," said O'Dowd, trying to bring his religion to aid him in solving the problem.

"Now, then," returned Stebbins, "I motion that we leave two to guard the camp while the others take two days' rations and find out what the deuce there is hereabouts."

The idea was a good one. We laughingly drew lots to see who should remain. The two long sticks fell to Stebbins and Charlie Brand.

"So," says Charlie, "fate is determined that we shall be exempt from the glory of discovery, and we must yield gracefully."

In the morning, with a coil of rope and an axe, and our pistols, we started into the ravine, but we soon found our way so obstructed by rocks and rubbish, that we heeded O'Dowd's advice to halt for consultation.

"Boys, depind upon it, we should be a thrifle better off in the matter to take the north bank of the gulch and hunt it thoroughly, and then come back upon the other side. 'Tisn't likely man or beast would hole in the bed where later in the season the water gates will be *histed* and everything flooded."

"Better still, as the gulch is so narrow from rim to rim, being but a pistol shot across, let one of us go up one side and the others on the opposite edge, so if we start anything the party across the chasm can sight it."

"Where's the sthicks—begorra! The felly as ingineers the side alone has got to feel that it's his lot that sinds him, for if he should stumble aginst a varmint it would be a mighty risky business, let alone where's the legs as could jump across?"

Amid some merriment the sticks were again resorted to, and O'Dowd had to go it alone, at which he begorro'd and hunched his shoulders and started off.

We followed carefully and noiselessly along the rough and dangerous brink, often throwing ourselves down and gazing far up and down the rough and sloping sides of the chasm. No sounds, only those which we made by loosening the rubbish in our advance. By the time we had reached the head of the ravine it was noon, although the distance was not more than five miles, yet it had been so rough and obstructed that our progress was slow. We had seen nothing, but when we came together at the precipitous head of the gulch, O'Dowd said that he had noticed the marks upon his side of something where it evidently had a passage down through the sage brush, but that lean over as far as he might he could discover nothing, the face of the cliff near him being remarkable for solid rock, with not a bush large enough to hide a rabbit.

We ate our dinner, and then unanimously agreed to scramble down the rough and dangerous walls into the bed of the ravine; but as it would be the safer way for the first explorer to hunt for the best path, a rope was attached to Doles who chose to make the descent first.

"By the time I touch the bottom," observed he, knotting the rope under his arms, "if there be mortal man within the bowels of this chasm he will think that the Alpine Lammer Geyer is swooping for its prey. Instead it will be an unfortunate, in *lower gear*, praying for firm footing. Here goes. O'Dowd hold the windlass—pay out the cable. Carnes weigh the anchor," and holding by his hand until he had scrambled beyond the length of my arm, He then caught by brush and bramble, and in twenty minutes was down safely. Once over the sheer bare precipitous descent of the first two or three rods, which we accomplished by getting the rope around a stout but stunted stub of a tree, and bringing it down double to the first shelf of rock, and the descent was easy. I was last, and when I had reached this projection, which afforded a foothold, I detached the rope by winding it up from one side, and then tossed it downward, where it scurried wildly about for a moment bent upon lassoing Doles.

We scrambled over the terribly uneven bottom to the sore disagreement of buttons and patches, and huge stitches done by our not very deft fingers.

"Close about this distance from the end," said O'Dowd, "was where I saw some slight disturbance on the bank above."

"And," remarked I, as I lifted a rock, "this has not been long dislodged. See the darker side where the earth fitted like a socket about it. There certainly has something scrambled along here recently."

From my bent position where I searched for foot-prints, I turned my eyes upward. Two feet of human flesh and blood might have given a quicker leap, but six feet of the same material never could do better, and with a "hist!" I drew the boys behind a protecting boulder.

Right over me, not two rods above my head, as I stooped, appeared two flaming eyeballs peering over a projecting shelf. Around these eyes, above, below, and on either side, was a tawny bush of hair.

"A lion, by St. Patrick!" gasped O'Dowd, unslinging his short rifle from his shoulder as he spoke.

"Hold!" said I, who ever heard of a lion hereabouts in California of late years; and look below that tawny mane; are they the paws of a lion?"

And that huge head never moved. The eyes stared down at us—but after a sufficiently long survey we came out from our covert, and advanced directly under the ledge.

"Beware of punchirss," said Doles.

And I motioned an assent.

The side of the ravine in that direction afforded no great impediment to deter us from the undertaking, and therefore with a rush we began scrambling upward. The head remained in the same position, with the most hideous expression, we could see as we approached.

"By the Howly Vargin, I'm going no farther until I have challenged the critter," says O'Dowd.

His caution was necessary, perhaps, and we halted, while the Irishman called out—

"Whativer kind of a hangbird are yees?"

Not a motion, not a sound.

O'Dowd brought his rifle to bear upon the head.

"Give us a bit ov yer mither tongue, sure. Ochone! spake ye divil."

No sign.

I began feeling a strange superstition creeping into my soul.

"Cover him with you rifle, O'Dowd. Carnes, let's swing up onto that shelf—I don't like the looks of things."

We were up in a minute. No need of O'Dowd securing our safety with his rifle. Before us, pinned to the shelf by a large boulder that had somehow been loosened and dislodged, was the body of a huge dwarf, now made doubly hideous in its proportions from the weight upon it. A shout from us brought the Irishman up also; and our united strength could barely loosen the mass of stone. We pried with our axhandles, and wedged up and pried again—and, at last, with our frenzied exertions, we toppled it off and sent it crashing into the ravine below.

Every vestige of life, however, had been extinct for hours. The bones of the naturally mis-shapen body were crushed in and broken. The dislodgement of the boulder displayed the mouth of a low cavern into which we penetrated. Here were evidences of its having been used as a human habitation. Brands and provision were strewn around—and to make everything certain, as to the disturber of our peace, we found our sack which had been carried off some weeks before. We bore the lifeless body within this stone cave, and returned to the camp. The next day all of us went back and buried the poor wretch. The skull development showed little better than an idiot's head, and we could only form a theory of our own as to the cause of those wild, unearthly cries. Did the changes of the moon affect his brain? or were the cries uttered simply in insane glee? or with cunning aforethought to keep miners away? We could not answer—and who could? His complexion warranted the idea that he might be a Mexican, but his feature did not reveal his nationality. How came he there among the mountains? Why did he prowl about so like a wild animal?

We buried him near where the loosened rock in its descent had killed him, and heard no more mysterious cries.

"O dear me! Has fittens dot *pins* in their toes, I vunder"

Answers to Correspondents.

KATIE HORN, (Beauty Spot) says: "Last week I had several of my old friends, whom I had not seen for a long time, to spend the day with me. During the afternoon the conversation turned upon cats, whereupon I spoke of a little kitten I had left in Maryland some weeks ago. I told its name, and in a breath they all exclaimed, 'Why, it has name enough to kill it!' Now I do not think it a very lengthy one, but as it is a small animal there may be some danger; and, as you are a smart man, I would like you to tell me if you really think 'Roar Abraham' is name enough to kill a little white kitten, with a black spot on its head? I am much concerned on the subject, for the little creature is a special favorite of mine, and I would be pleased if you would give me an answer in your next paper." As it is a case of life or death, we will obey your wishes, though it does not give us time for a proper consideration of the subject. You must admit that the name has breadth, if it lacks length; and it seems to us, at a hasty glance, that so weighty a name, combined with the numerous ills which kitten flesh is heir to, must have a serious effect upon its constitution. But in view of the well-known fact that a cat has nine lives, we can trust that the kitten will "pull through" with at least one life intact. So, Katie, Hope for the best, and do not send us any more such foolish questions, for fear that you will develope the cat nature in us, and find out that we also can scratch a little.

F. M., (Uncinnatia, (N. Y.,) writes: "Having noticed in the Post your advertisement of several farms for sale in Massachusetts and other places, I want to ask you a few questions. It does not seem possible that land is so cheap there when it is so dear here. Land here is held at $60 to $150 per acre. There is a small place here, of eight acres, that they ask $1200 for. The land is very poor and the buildings small. I notice in the Post a farm in Massachusetts of 64 acres for $1000. If that is truth I would like to know it, for I want to buy a small farm. Please give what information you can. Also state what you think of the climate there. How would it do for a man to go from New York State there to live? Do you know of any hotels for sale?" Why not write to the parties advertising, and so obtain the particulars concerning these offers? There may be reasons for the high price of land in your vicinity which do not obtain in other localities. One cause of the depreciation of land in Massachusetts is the considerable degree of emigration to the West from that State. Farmers who have made up their minds to emigrate may be induced to offer their farms below their real value. But to satisfy yourself on such points, you must correspond with the parties themselves. There is no material difference in climate between the two States mentioned. Of course each locality has its special peculiarities of climate. We do not know of any hotels for sale.

H. H. S. (Painesville, O.,) says: "Being a reader of your delightful paper for a long time, I take the liberty of asking two or three questions. Is it proper for a lady to send a kiss to a gentleman in a letter if she is engaged to him, or if she is not? And is there any rule in regard to which should write the longest letters, the gentleman or lady?" It all depends upon the circumstances, and the degree of intimacy, &c. If engaged, the gentleman would, doubtless, be happy to receive the kiss, and, doubtless, would be still happier to receive it by facial impression. If not engaged, any gentleman would accept it in the spirit in which it was sent—either jest or earnest. There is no social rule governing the length of love letters. Whichever has the most to say, or is deepest in love, will write the longest.

C. A. F. (Nora, Ill.,) says: "Having gained much information from your valuable paper I venture to ask the following question: There is a young fellow that I love very much, and I *think* that he loves me. But he is very slow in asking the important question. Would you advise me to do it, as I have waited already six years, and am *rather* advanced in years? And I should also like to know if Greeley is going to be the next President, as I have a smattering in politics? Now I hope you will not think this sarcastic, as it is of vast importance to me?" We should not advise you to do it, although, to be sure, it is Leap Year. There are other ways which ladies have of bringing gentlemen to a knowledge of the state of affairs, without usurping the masculine prerogative. You have waited longer than he could justly expect, and should give him to understand, in the mode you think best, that your patience is exhausted. Greeley will be elected if he gets a majority of the electoral votes, otherwise not. This is all that any one knows about it.

M. A. R., (Fayette, Wis.) says: "Please inform me what size paper is most convenient to write upon, in writing for the press. And should the leaves be cut apart or left in one sheet?" The size your letter is written on will answer very well. Write only on one side of the page, and separate the leaves.

TEARETER, (Washington Co., Va.,) writes: "You will greatly oblige by answering a few questions. 1st. If a young gentleman asks a young lady to take a ride or a walk with him, and she declines without giving any reasons, what reply should he make? 2d. When a young lady is speaking to a gentleman, and he does not understand what she says, which would be most proper in asking her to repeat, for him to say, 'Ma'am?' or to use some other method? 3d. I have heard a great many people say that the changes of the moon had something to do with rain; that there was a wet moon and a dry one. What is your opinion? And in what shape is the moon for dry weather?" He should express himself as sorry that she was not able to accompany him, and hope to have the pleasure of her company on some future occasion. It is best to get out of disagreeable predicaments as gracefully as possible. Never press any one for reasons on a personal subject, like this, lest you may hear some unpleasant truth. 3d. It would be best to employ some other method. The mode you mention implies inattention on your part, and politeness demands some indirect mode, if possible, of requesting a repetition. 3d. There are some reasons for supposing that the weather is affected by the changes of the moon, though there is not enough known about it as yet to permit any reliable prognostications. When the crescent of the new moon has one horn bent downwards, it is said to be a wet moon, when both are turned upwards it is a dry moon.

A. B. S. (Richmond, Iowa) says: "Will you be so kind as to tell a subscriber the address of a College in Pittsburg, Pa.? I think the proprietor's name is Duff. Duff's College, I think." If you had addressed your letter to "Duff's College, Pittsburg, Pa.," you would, probably, have obtained the necessary information by the return mail; for, even if you had not been quite correct in the name, there is little doubt but that your letter would have been correctly delivered. You had better adopt this plan, as we do not know the institution referred to.

HAMLET, (Franklin, Ky.,) says, "I ask a little space for the following questions: It is the old, old story. I am in love with a lady, who has been raised in high life. But she is very economical and industrious. She has given me her promise, and, she says, her heart too. I am a poor boy, having nothing but my trade, which I have just completed—that of a carpenter and joiner. She says that she is willing to marry me just as I am, and help me to live. It is true I have a small sum of money, say four or five hundred dollars, and a little house and lot in a town of about 5000 souls. Now what I want to know is, under these circumstances, should I marry or not, or had I better wait till I accumulate more property?" Poor boy, indeed! with a good trade, a house and lot, money in bank, and the love of an industrious and economical lady, who is willing to share your lot, for better or worse. If this is poverty, what is riches? If you have given us correct evidence in the case, we should advise you to wait a few years more and then marry. You seem rather young to become a husband just yet, and it is doubtful that you know your own mind.

I. N. Q. wishes to know if a certain disease, which he appears to have, is incurable, after it has taken a deep hold upon the system, and if it is likely that a person of nineteen could have contracted it in an incurable stage. Also, if a physician, whose he names, can be relied on to cure him. He also desires to know if we consider his penmanship good enough for business purposes. The disease in question is not considered incurable, though it is very difficult to eradicate from the system. Entire abstinence from the producing causes, with the continued use of a simple diet and sufficient exercise, will, probably, be more efficacious than medicine. We know nothing of the physician mentioned—consult some good physician in your vicinity. Your handwriting is poor, and by no means a good business hand.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Take the largest and finest red cherries fully ripe. Morellas are the best. Either remove the stems entirely, or cut them short, within two inches of the fruit. Have ready a large glass jar. Fill it two-thirds with fresh newly-gathered cherries and then fill up to the top with the best vinegar. Keep it well covered, and if both fruit and vinegar are of excellent quality, no boiling is necessary, and no spice, as the cherry flavor will be retained, and they will not shrivel.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Take two quarts of stock made from bones; when it boils, throw in half a teaspoonful of sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quart of ready-shelled peas. Let all boil rapidly for twenty minutes, then shred up the hearts of two lettuces, and add a teaspoonful of dried and powdered mint, or a good spray of green mint. Let the soup boil for ten minutes longer; take a teaspoonful of flour and a little cold water, mix together, strain and add to the soup, if not sufficiently thick. The spray of mint must be taken out before sending to table.

Green pea soup sent without vegetables to table must be made in the same way, only the peas be mashed, and the whole be strained before coming to table.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take four pounds of raspberries, pour over them half a pint of vinegar, place it in an earthen jar, and cover it securely, so that no air can enter, and place it in a sunny window twelve hours; take it in at night, and place it out again in the sun the next day for another twelve hours. Then place in a flannel bag, till the juice has run through without pressure. Then for every pound of juice take a pound of loaf sugar, and boil it for a quarter of an hour, or till no scum arises; then put it into small bottles, and well cork it.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

PINEAPPLE ICE.—One juicy ripe pineapple peeled and cut small; juice and grated peal of one lemon; one pint of sugar; one pint of water or a little less. Strew the sugar over the pineapple and let it stand an hour. Mash all up together, and strain out the syrup through a hair-sieve. Add the water and freeze.

FRITTERS.—Use any kind of fruit or berry, or banana. Cut the banana in slices. Flour, water and salt mixed to a thick batter. Beat two whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and mix with the batter. A little liquor or wine of any kind will improve it. The slices of fruit are dipped into the batter and cooked in hot fat.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a beautiful river's name,
It flows in a foreign clime;
My second's a river "all the same,"
But nearer this home of mine.
My third's a part of the human frame,
And does many bones combine;
My fourth does many species claim
That clamber o'er tree and vine.
My whole is found on many a farm,
Its use no one can tell;
'Twas never known to do aught but harm
As you can guess full well.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

One of the prophets.
A stupid person.
A stone of changeable colors.
To dispose of for a consideration.

II.

Generator of heat.
A useful metal.
Public way.
Extreme points.

III.

Compact.
A thought.
To peruse.
Something done. DECAY.

BURIED TOWNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. At a dinner it is well to know how to carve rightly.
2. They went yesterday to Naples.
3. Some men do take too much liquor.
4. He who waits till water runs up hill, will wait in vain.
5. You are lucky if you win on a bet.
6. I saw a tabby cat and her kittens.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does a freight car need no locomotive? Because the freight itself makes the cargo.

Why is a man who goes out the house to play croquet like a refused lover? Because he leaves for lawn, (forlorn).

Why can't a donkey stop without being ill-treated? Because he must be ass-halted.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty? A big hole.

How do we know that Western horsemen who scour the prairies use soap. Because their horses are covered with lather.

One of our correspondents sometimes indulges in a little humor, as for instance:—

Being importuned by a couple of uncommonly ragged, dirty beggars for alms, he asked a gentleman with him—

"Why are these fellows like lilies?"

"I give it up," was the reply. "I should call them nettles."

"They are like lilies," replied the discerning man; "in that they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like them."

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED CITIES—

1. Rome.
2. Manchester.
3. Lisbon.
4. Berlin.
5. Cork.
6. Paris.
7. Berne.
8. Athens.

ENIGMA—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

WORD SQUARE—

A G E D
G I V E
E V I L
D E L F

Answer to Ego Geo's Problem of June 1st, 15 876 meshes. Ego Geo., F. E. F., Nettie, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to E. P. Norton's Problem of May 11. 16 feet from the centre of the larger sphere, and 12 feet from the centre of the smaller. E. P. Norton, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of May 11. 6 6-19 hours. W. H. Morrow, J. N. Sodera, O. R. Sheldon.

Answers to E. C. Hanes' Problem of May 4. .4999, 1984, E. C. Hanes. ½ cubic inch. O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to Ego Geo's Problem of May 18. 6 inches. Ego Geo., O. R. Sheldon, J. N. Sodera.

Answers to E. C. Hanes' Problem of June 1. 1.98 inches. E. C. Hanes. 7.92 inches. J. N. Sodera.

Answer to E. P. Norton's Problem of May 18. Sides, 480, 360 and 404, .6 rods; diagonals 600 and 450 rods; and its area, 488.75 acres. E. P. Norton, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to E. P. Norton's Problem of May 25. The field contains 1289.09668 square rods, and the sides are 24, 32, 48, and 72 rods respectively. E. P. Norton, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to H. O. Sibley's Problem of May 25. 343.49807 plus cubic feet. H. O. Sibley, J. N. Soder's.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of April 27. 24 men, 20 women, 15 boys. W. H. Morrow, O. R. Sheldon, J. J. Handon.

Answer to Artemus Martin's Problem of March 16. 2.4151 plus gallons. Artemus Martin, O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to E. P. Norton's Problem of May 4. The hound will run 93¾ rods. E. P. Norton, J. J. Handon.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of May 11. 6 6-19 hours. W. H. Morrow, J. J. Handon.